

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## KEEPING THE COUNTRY BEAUTIFUL

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Seven

### LISTENING TO ALL THE WORLD

GREATEST WONDER  
SINCE THE WORLD BEGANVoices of All Lands at Our  
Own Firesides

#### THE TRIUMPH OF THE B.B.C.

So fast does one wonder of wireless succeed another that we are almost afraid to make much of one particular feat, like the broadcasting across the Atlantic of a concert held in Pittsburg, 3500 miles away, lest the memory of that performance should be wiped out by something even more astonishing.

Yet how extraordinary that wireless feat was only those whose lives and brains are devoted to developing wireless messages and instruments can realize.

#### Taking the Shortest Path

It was not merely that the electric waves which were set in motion by the sounds of voices and musical instruments in a Pittsburg concert hall had to soar above those thousands of miles of land and ocean, but that, after a journey which was full of electric obstacles for them, they should have arrived in such good order and so strong, like a regiment that has made a long forced march and is ready at once to get to business.

The first of the difficulties of the wireless waves was on the way. Even without glancing at a map-globe of the Earth it will be seen that the path from Pittsburg to Biggin Hill, in Kent, where the arrangements were made for their coming, is not straight but curved; and wireless waves prefer to take the shortest cut. What happened was that on that night of December 29 the electric canopy which covers the sleeping Earth in darkness about twenty miles above its surface, and encloses the paths of the waves as in a tube-tunnel, was in some sort of position or strength such as smoothed the progress of the waves. But why they came through so fresh and strong not the greatest experts can tell. Even to them it was something of a miracle.

#### All the Land Listens

But there it was. The waves came all marshalled in order to Biggin Hill; there they were amplified and sent on again to London. London gathered them in and immediately sent them all out again on their travels, this time in a sort of *train de luxe*, over land wires, to stations at Aberdeen, Glasgow, Newcastle, Sheffield, Manchester, Birmingham, and Bournemouth. These strewed them far and wide so that the whole land was suddenly and instantaneously listening—many people in their beds, for it was midnight—to music from America. In a year or so this will always be happening, and things so much more wonderful will happen that none of the

### Six Little Friends in Labrador



Although thousands of fishermen from Newfoundland and Canada visit Labrador in the fishing season the country is a cold and cheerless area, and a few years ago its native population was enormously reduced by a terrible epidemic of influenza. The people, however, are happy, judging from this picture of three jolly little boys with Eskimo dogs. See page 2

two million people who listen to an American concert will think it any more remarkable than hearing the chimes at midnight. By that time, perhaps, they will be able to listen, if they wish, to the sound of the hammers clanging in the Pittsburg steel works or the roaring of the Bessemer furnaces as they swallow their iron meals. The sounds might be repeated on an endless chain of wireless. They would come to London, and then be sent to the Eiffel Tower or to the wireless station at Nauen, and thence started out on their travels again to the new wireless stations which will have sprung up in French-North Africa or in British West Africa. From there it would be an easy journey to South Africa—which has already, by the way, listened to Glasgow; and South Africa could send to Australia; and Australia could send to Honolulu. At Honolulu the waves might meet others coming from the new great Asiatic stations, or could be sent back to California coast.

It hardly needs any effort of the

imagination to see the waves rippling from station to station all over the world; and perhaps some day every land on Earth will be able to hear at nearly the same instant the tap of the conductor's baton as he gives the signal for an orchestra to begin. We shall sit by our fires and listen to voices round the world.

We envy the men of the B.B.C. Man-kind is marching on. This feat is the greatest wonder since the world began.

#### MEDICINE IN THE TAP

The city of Rochester, New York, is adopting a novel plan to ensure the good health of its citizens.

Goitre is at present very prevalent there, and, as that ailment is now known to be largely due to lack of iodine in the food or water, the authorities are arranging periodically to add a quantity of sodium iodide to the public water supply. Twenty parts of the solution to a thousand million parts of water is the proportion decided on, and the first dose has already been given

### UP A LADDER FROM THE SEA

CLIMBING OUT OF AN  
ATLANTIC WRECKHow a Giant Airship Saved a  
Man from Drowning

#### THRILLING RESCUE

A giant airship has been put to a strange use. It has served as a lifeboat and rescued a man from the sea.

An American airman, Staff-Sergeant Charles Williams, was flying over the Atlantic seaboard when something went wrong with his engine, and before he could set it right his machine began to descend with ever-increasing speed towards the sea, off Cape Hatteras.

The region is a treacherous one, for the coast is sandy and shifting, and violent storms are frequent. At the time of the accident a strong wind was blowing, and the sea was a mass of heavy waves that made rescue seem hopeless. No boats were about, and, though the airman managed to obtain some control over the aeroplane so as to strike the sea at an angle, his machine was smashed, and was soon beaten into a wreck.

#### The Airship Comes Down

He succeeded in clinging to the framework, some of which kept afloat, but rescue seemed far off till an extraordinary thing happened.

The commander of the U.S.A. airship D 3, cruising in the neighbourhood of Cape Hatteras, saw the accident from his gondola, and gave instructions for the airship to be lowered slowly to within 15 feet of the surface of the sea. Steering the great vessel into the right position, he slowed down by heading the airship into the wind and stopping the motors.

Gradually the vessel was brought over the spot where Sergeant Williams was clinging to the wreckage of his aeroplane. A rope ladder was let down till the end of it floated on the water, but of course the wind and the waves carried the end hither and thither, so that it was some time before the airman could seize it.

#### Struggling Up the Ladder

At last, however, he managed to seize the ropes, and then, while the airship hovered dangerously within a few feet of the waves and the wind and water dashed the rope ladder about, he struggled to get his feet on the rungs. After much difficulty he pulled himself up rung by rung to the airship, and was helped into the gondola. His difficulty was great, for he had been in the water some time, and his hands were numb.

To allow for the weight of an extra passenger, ballast was thrown out of the airship, and then the D 3 rose again and sailed away to safety.

It was a remarkable feat, and was performed at great risk, for with a strong wind and high waves it was dangerous for the big ship to descend so near the surface of the sea.



## ELEPHANT'S GOODBYE TO LONDON

### LUCKHI LEAVES THE ZOO

How they Packed Her Up for  
Czecho-Slovakia

#### THE STORY OF JUMBO

Luckhi, the adult female elephant which has been in the London Zoo since 1903, and has carried so many children on her back, has said good-bye to the Gardens and gone off to Czecho-Slovakia.

She had twice bolted while carrying a saddle, and it was felt that, though this was due to nervousness rather than to vice, no risks must be taken, and so, when a dealer made an offer for her with a view to sending her to Czecho-Slovakia, the offer was accepted.

A packing case weighing over two tons was made for Luckhi, and she was coaxed inside. Then the case was raised on rollers, and, with the aid of a gang of men and a winch, attempts were made to get it round a corner and out of the Gardens ready for the carrier to collect it.

#### The Case Begins to Move

But all efforts failed to move it from the elephant yard until a bright idea struck someone. Indarini, another large female elephant, was brought from her house, and, under the direction of her Indian keeper, was made to butt and push the packing case until it began to move and was thus gradually moved outside the gates.

Here the men had a lifting tackle, which raised the case, weighing over five tons, on to a lorry, and it was taken to the Tower Bridge wharf on the Thames, and placed on a steamer bound for Hamburg.

The removal of Luckhi from the Zoo was a far less difficult task than that of moving Jumbo 42 years ago. That great African elephant weighed six tons, and when a showman bought him for £2000 the animal refused to go. For five or six weeks every effort was made to force Jumbo into a cage for removal to America, but nothing would induce him to enter.

#### End of Poor Jumbo

The whole world became interested in Jumbo, and thousands of letters poured into the Zoo imploring them to keep the elephant; but it was thought wise to get rid of him, and at last his keeper enticed him into the cage, and he was carried safely to America.

There a sad fate awaited him. He had been in the United States only about three years when an engine ran into him and killed him. It is no exaggeration to say that tens of thousands of British children mourned for him, among them the writer of this article, who, as a boy, more than once rode on Jumbo's back. *Picture on page 12*

## AMERICA AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES

### 350 Athletes Coming Over

The United States is resolved to spare no expense or pains to win again the great majority of the events at the 1924 Olympic Games.

No fewer than 350 men and women are to be sent over to compete, and to meet their expenses a national appeal for £75,000 has been made. A most extensive organisation will be required to make the housing arrangements in Paris, and the committee is chartering a special ship to take the Athletes across the sea.

Canada cannot afford to compete on any such scale as this, but expects to have about fifty athletes carrying the Maple Leaf, including competitors in both winter and summer sports. Her hockey team is again expected to win that event from the Americans, and many of her track and field athletes will also be heard from.

## MARTA OF LABRADOR

### LEFT ALONE IN HER VILLAGE

Seven Weeks with the Faithful  
Eskimo Dogs

#### SCHOOL STORY OF THE FAR NORTH

Captain Jackson has just come back to England from his twenty-third annual visit to Labrador in charge of the little Moravian Mission ship Harmony, the smallest boat regularly to cross the Atlantic.

When the captain made his last journey down that icy coast in the autumn he brought with him a party of thirteen children. They were the sons and daughters of settlers in this barren land, with some little Eskimos, all going to the Moravian Mission School in the southerly town of Makkovik.

Among them was little Marta, an Eskimo orphan. Marta used to live with her father and mother and brother at a tiny village on a bay not far from Okak. This was in 1918, when the great influenza epidemic spread from Europe even to icy Labrador. It reached Marta's little village. All their neighbours died. Then her father, mother, and little brother fell ill, and soon they passed away, too, and Marta, who was then seven, was left with only the Eskimo dogs for companions.

#### Cooking the Last Meal

Good friends they proved. She fed herself and them from a little store of flour, blubber, and candles her parents had left, and they in turn protected her from the savage, starving dogs of their neighbours, hungrily seeking any food they could find.

Seven weeks little Marta lived alone. No one came near her. Nearly everyone in Okak was dead. Even the relief party which had come from other parts of the coast dared not come to the outlying settlements, for they feared the ghosts they believed to be roving this disease-haunted land.

At last some men braver than the rest ventured to see if anyone were alive there, and in a hut in a little bay they found Marta, cooking one of the last pieces of blubber over a piece of candle.

#### Little Heroine Goes to School

Quickly they took her back to Okak, where she was adopted by a kind couple. Here Captain Jackson found her when he visited Okak in 1919, but they had grown so fond of little Marta that they could not bear to part with her for a whole year, to go to school, for you probably cannot get home for the holidays in Labrador unless the good ship Harmony comes along to take you north for a month or two when she makes her voyage up the coast in late summer.

But this autumn her foster-parents let her come south with Captain Jackson and the other children, and now she is a happy child at the Moravian School at Makkovik, where one of her teachers is an English girl, Miss Miriam Rowe, of Bedford.

Marta has forgotten all about her seven weeks of awful loneliness, says Captain Jackson, and was as merry as any of the other children who played on deck in the daytime or crowded into the snug little cabin by night for the first part of the Harmony's latest voyage home from Arctic snow and ice.

## THE ELECTRIC AGE

### 670,000 Horse-power for Heating

Figures reaching us from America show to what a tremendous extent electricity is now replacing other power for industrial work.

Over 670,000 horse-power of electrical energy is now being used in that country for heating purposes in ore furnaces, electric ovens, and other industrial lines, and this is being increased.

## TRAPPED IN A DUNGEON

### A LITTLE EXCITEMENT AT EASTBOURNE

Three Men, an Old Fort, and  
a Bunch of Keys

#### ENGINEER'S ADVENTURE

Dungeons have gone out of fashion since the lords of massive castles lost the right of dealing privately with those who offended them; but so many queer deeds were done in them, in remote days, that the word dungeons still has a thrill in it.

Even in these "piping times of peace" such dungeons as remain are uncomfortable places if you do more than glance into them. They are usually deep and dark, and often damp. Anyone who wants to know what a dungeon in working order is really like should ask Mr. E. C. Cobb, engineer of the Ariadne salvage work off Eastbourne. He knows. And he came to know in a curious way.

#### Trying the Locks

At Eastbourne is an old fort, the Redoubt Fort. Redoubt is a good word, too, fit to go with a dungeon. A redoubt ought to have a dungeon, and Redoubt Fort, Eastbourne, fulfils the obligation, and has one.

Mr. Cobb and two friends, wandering curiously round the fort, came accidentally on an old bunch of keys, and with them did what we should have done, most likely, if we had been in his place. He and his friends tried the keys in various locks of the deserted place, and at last found a key that would work. It was the key of the redoubt dungeon.

So in they went, triumphantly, no doubt, but perhaps a little carelessly, and forgetting that the principal use of a dungeon door is to shut, and keep shut, and not to open from the inside. The moment they were in the dungeon, its door, faithful to its duty, banged to, and a faint ringing noise was heard on the outside. It was the falling of the key outside the door, which had banged and shut them in.

#### Cut Off from the World

A dungeon, properly placed, is where no sounds can reach the outer, inquisitive world. In the days when Jews, put in dungeons by lords of castles who demanded a ransom, had their teeth pulled out one by one till they agreed to the terms, it was inconvenient that their cries of pain and protest should reach the ears of free men outside. This dungeon had never been used for such purposes, but, following the fashion of dungeons, it was built so that inside cries were inaudible outside. And here were Mr. Cobb and his friends far too safely shut in, in the dark.

First they tried to pick the lock of the door; but dungeon locks are not to be overcome in that way. Nor can dungeon doors be smashed. So they tried to attract attention by shouting all together, but nobody heard them.

#### The Cries from the Grating

It was not so bad as the fate of Ginevra, who hid in a trunk with a spring lid, and was only found years afterwards, but it was bad enough, for who could know when anyone would come near the dungeon again and, coming, use the key that lay outside?

At last, after the three had taken turns in shouting till all were hoarse, a little ventilation grating was observed high up in the wall, and presumably above the earth's surface. So, by one climbing on another's shoulders, and the third climbing up both of them, he reached the grating and shouted through it; and luckily someone heard, and, following the directions shouted through the lofty grating, found the key, and opened the treacherous door.

Had not the dungeon well kept up the reputation that other dungeons have inherited from the long ago?

## THE MAN WHO WROTE 100 BOOKS

### Long Life of an Author of Many Hymns

#### BARING-GOULD AND HIS STORY

The death of Mr. Baring-Gould, close on the age of 90, will revive many pleasing memories, for he was a man who played many parts well though quietly.

As a young clergyman he wrote hymns that everyone knows, notably, *Onward, Christian Soldiers*, and *Now the Day is Over*. Then he inherited a Devonshire squiredom, which included the gift of the rectorship of a small parish. So he gave it to himself, and lived there as squire and parson for fifty years.

Before that, nearly 60 years ago, while he was a curate in Yorkshire, he fell in love with Grace Taylor, a mill girl, who came to the mission hall where he was conducting services. He arranged for Grace's education, and married her, and they lived in such perfect happiness for over half a century that on her tomb he inscribed in Latin the sacred words: *Half my soul*.

In his quiet Devonshire home Baring-Gould wrote a hundred books. They included history, biography, books of travel, sermons, and over a dozen novels. At one time he was almost in the front line of popular novelists. Last year appeared his *Reminiscences*.

Baring-Gould was a practiser of the romance he wrote about, an industrious man who might have been lazy, an untiring user of a pen that always wrote what, if it was not great, was worthy and interesting. He gave back to the world solid value for what the world gave to him.

## THE HUNDRED MEN OF CAIRO

### Enjoying the Enjoyment of Others

That was a happy Christmas idea when a hundred men in Cairo sat down to a frugal dinner of soup, bread and cheese, and water, and sent to London the difference between the cost of this simple meal and the five shillings they would have paid for a more ample meal.

The money thus saved fed 200 destitute men in Marylebone, at a much better dinner than the one in Cairo, the Church Army managing the London dinner of roast beef, two vegetables, and Christmas pudding.

The two companies, hosts and guests, dined at the same hour and drank each other's healths—the Cairo hosts in water and the London guests in lemonade. The hundred men in Cairo who put this happy thought into practice were members of the Y.M.C.A. Such enjoyment of other people's enjoyment opens up a fine prospect of doing good.

## THE CATTLE PLAGUE

### Are Rats and Mice Spreading It?

The latest theory is that rats and mice are spreading foot and mouth disease among cattle in England now.

The rapid growth of this terrible plague, which has already cost the country about 130,000 animals worth over £2,000,000, has been a great mystery, and many suggestions have been made as to the way it spreads.

Now comes this suggestion about the rats and mice, and it certainly seems a most likely explanation. We know how these vermin spread other diseases, and they are quite able to carry foot and mouth disease from farm to farm and from cowhouse to cowhouse, leaving a path of ruin.

This theory solves all the problems that seemed so mysterious in connection with the growth of the plague, and, as the Incorporated Vermin Repression Society has been pointing out, it was never more imperative than now to rid the country of rats and mice, which have unrestrained access to cattle.



## THE NEED FOR MORE HIGHWAYS

### A COUNTRY'S LIFE-BLOOD

Urgent Work Waiting, Yet Men Remain Idle

### ROADMAKING FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

By Our Economic Correspondent

British roads still call urgently for an enormous amount of labour. Yet there are more than one million unemployed.

It is true that of late years more attention has been given to the improvement of our highways, and it is probable that we now have 250,000 men employed on road work.

Nevertheless, our great highways compare ill with the wonderful tracks made by the French and Italian road-makers to deal with the amazing traffic which has sprung up through the use of pleasure motor-cars, motor-vans, and motor-lorries. Good authorities hold that we could easily double the number of men now employed on roads. That is to say, we have a great work which needs doing even while we have able-bodied men who ought to be put to work.

#### The Great Motorway

We do not forget that the Ministry of Labour recently announced that 14 million pounds extra was to be devoted to such work, but this is not nearly enough. The problem of unemployment is a big one, and needs, therefore, big treatment. A comparatively trifling addition to road labour is good so far as it goes, but it does not go far.

Take, for example, one specific scheme. It is to make a great motorway from London to Liverpool, cutting through the heart of the Midlands. The plans have been prepared; and just before the old Parliament was dissolved a member introduced a Bill to authorise the construction of the first section.

Let us see what this simple project would mean in labour. The new road from London to Liverpool would be 223 miles long, and would call for the employment of about 80,000 men.

#### A National Policy Required

Of course the principles and details of all such projects would have to be carefully thought out, but there is no doubt that our roads are not only inadequate now but will soon be much further behind the times if we do not give scientific attention to our national highway system.

Transport is the very life-blood of a civilised country. It is strange that we seem less conscious of the fact today than the old Romans, who drove their highways fair and straight throughout their empire, and so made it possible to govern and closely control what they had conquered.

We have now special reason to pursue a great national road policy. The need for better roads is urgent, and if we had no men out of work we might well regret that we had not labour to do the work. Seeing that we have the men waiting, however, it is doubly unfortunate that so essential an end is not pursued.

## EATING THE SAUCEPAN

### News for the Kitchen

Some interesting experiments have recently been made by Professor Jarvinen, in the Municipal Laboratory of Helsingfors, to find out how much of a saucepan becomes dissolved away in cooking and gets into the food.

Red-currants were boiled for three hours in different saucepans and the food afterwards analysed; and the results showed that a twentieth of an ounce of metal was dissolved in the currant juice with an iron pan; copper was twenty times better; tin, nickel, and aluminium were more or less equally good; enamel was very much worse, and brass was a long way the best of all.

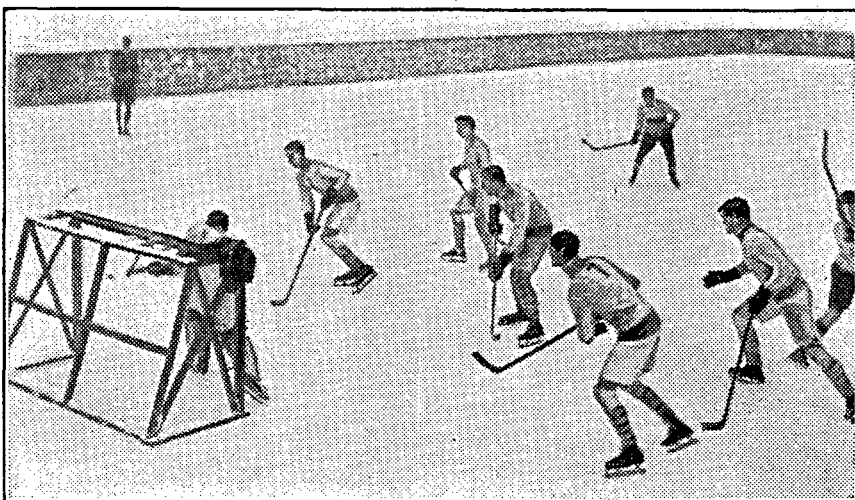
## WINTER GAMES IN THE ALPS



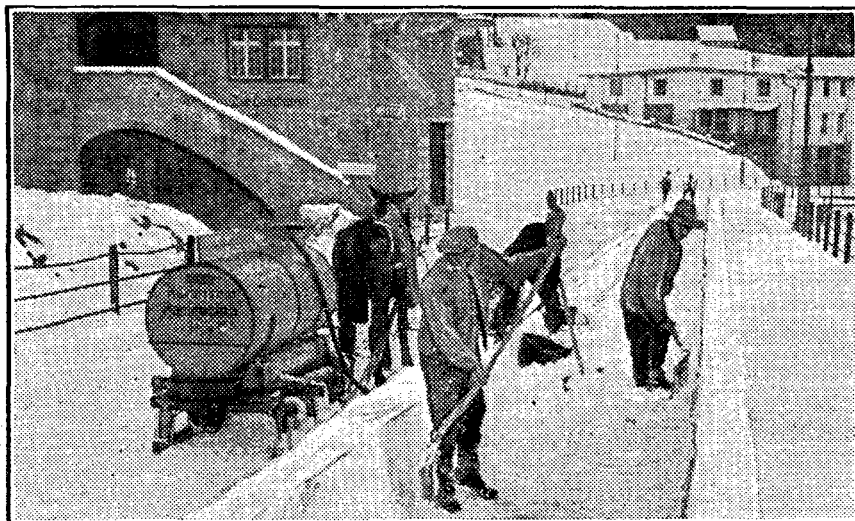
The band on its way to the skating ground



A jolly party of ski-maidens starting out



The Oxford and Cambridge University Ice Hockey Match in progress



Making the toboggan run at Pontresina

Winter sports are now in full swing in Switzerland, and many British visitors are there enjoying the fun. These photographs show typical scenes in the Alps at the present season, an interesting contrast to the summer scene in Australia shown on page 12

## THE SUN AND THE RAINFALL

### Giant Flames that Affect Our Weather

### A PUZZLE FOR THE MEN OF SCIENCE

That there is some connection between the rainfall and the tongues of flaming fire shot out from the Sun's surface has long been suspected, and now a leading weather authority, Mr. C. E. P. Brooke, states definitely that the one has a direct bearing on the other.

Mr. Brooke, commenting on an elaborate analysis of the rainfall in the British Isles for the last 54 years by Mr. Carle Salter, the C.N. weather correspondent who recently died, says that the periods of fluctuation in the rainfall correspond almost exactly with the fluctuations in the solar flames.

The solar flames are at their greatest at certain definite periods. Thus between 1875 and 1892 the average intervals were 3½ years; from 1892 to 1900, 3 years; and from 1904 to 1914, 2½ years. The periods of greatest rainfall have not been averaged for exactly the corresponding series of years, but the two series overlap, and have a remarkable significance. Thus an unusually wet year occurred every fifth year between 1868 and 1882; every third year between 1889 and 1909; and every other year between 1910 and the present time.

#### Making Better Forecasts

Why the solar flames should directly affect the rainfall in Britain it is difficult to see, but scientists are now investigating the matter, and it is possible that the knowledge gained in this direction may some day enable better weather forecasts to be made.

These solar prominences are not the same as sunspots, which have also been supposed to have some connection with the Earth's weather. The prominences are great flames of gas shooting up from the Sun's surface to a height varying from 10,000 to 450,000 miles at 130 miles a second. That there is some connection between Sun prominences and sunspots seems clear, because both are at their greatest and least intensities at the same periods.

Sunspots, Sun prominences, and British rainfall seem to be linked together, and no doubt before long science will discover what the connection is.

#### EDWIN CHADWICK

### A Great Figure in the History of Health

All who know the wonderful life-work of Sir Edwin Chadwick, the founder of the British system of national care for the nation's health, will be glad to hear of the activity of the Chadwick Trust, which is organising most admirable lectures on public health.

A course being given this winter traces the connection between architecture and health. Only gradually has it been realised that all planning of human dwellings, whether singly or in groups, should be based on health requirements for body and mind. Town planning should be a united effort to make and keep the whole community healthy in the broadest sense.

Whoever is interested in this question would do well to get into touch with the Chadwick Trust. Sir Edwin Chadwick was the most forceful public health reformer of the nineteenth century. To him we owe the country's system of registering the causes of all deaths and the first national Board of Health. The wonderful betterment of the nation's health rests on the foundations he laid. It is delightful to note that Chadwick's work is being finely continued through the trust that bears his name. The offices are at 13, Great George Street, S.W. 1.



## THE PROFESSOR AT THE BILLIARD TABLE

SIR WILLIAM BRAGG'S TALKS TO CHILDREN

The Atoms of Radium that are Always Blowing Up

### SOLAR SYSTEMS GOING THROUGH EACH OTHER

At the famous Royal Institution Sir William Bragg, one of the most genial lecturers who ever stood where Faraday stood, has been explaining to audiences of growing-ups and grown-ups some of the secrets of the Nature of Things, and one of his aids to explanation has been a billiard-table.

On the table were a number of coloured billiard balls, and these were taken to represent atoms. They were very large atoms, the professor observed, for if the lecture theatre were magnified to the same extent that made atoms as large as billiard balls it would stretch three times as far as to the Moon. But the atoms in their movements in a gas could be thought of as resembling the to-and-fro journeys, the collisions, and rebounds on a billiard-table crowded with perpetually moving billiard balls.

### A Quick Journey to the Moon

There are many atoms, as Sir William Bragg was able to show, which are always moving—far, far faster than can be imagined of any billiard ball. Radium, for example, which is a metal like other metals, is continually blowing up its own atoms and blowing off atoms of helium; and some fragments of the explosion travel so fast that they would reach the Moon in two and a half minutes if there were nothing to stop them. There is, however, something to stop them, because these atoms of helium blown off from radium come into collision with the atoms of the air.

The professor did not ask his audiences to take that for granted. He threw on the magic-lantern screen some actual photographs which showed the paths of particles shot out from radium.

### The Track of Radium Particles

Just as the coal smoke of London grates throws up into the air particles of soot on which moist fog droplets settle, so a particle of helium from radium hurtling through a moist, vaporous gas attracts droplets of moisture to settle on the gas atoms into which it has banged and which it has broken into fragments. These droplets mark its track. Every photographed line on the screen (said the professor solemnly) represents the career and death of a radium particle. The death was when the particle pulled up.

Then once more he turned to the billiard table. How was it possible for a radium particle to go through a gas atom or an air atom as, according to the photographs, it evidently continued to do until its career came to an end?

### The Clash of Atoms

We might imagine that one particle shot out could worm its way among the others as a small boy would do if one gave him sixpence on one side of Piccadilly Circus and pointed out a sweetstuff shop on the other side. He would worm his way through the traffic more or less in a straight line to the sweets. But the helium atom has not the intelligence to do that; and the true answer is that atoms are not like solid billiard balls, but are assemblages of much smaller bodies which have enormous spaces between the grains.

They are, in fact, like suns attended by planets; and there is no reason why one solar-system atom should not go clean and clear through another solar-system atom so long as the two suns do not clash. If they do clash there must be a catastrophe, a dead stop.

## BIG BEN SPEAKS TO THE NATION

FIRST WIRELESS FROM WESTMINSTER

How the Midnight Chimes Rang Out Over Land and Sea

### THE STORY OF GREAT PAUL

Wordsworth, who loved the quiet of the lakes and hills among which he lived in Cumberland, came up to London and stood one day where Big Ben now chimes out the hours; and to the poet from the quiet hills it seemed that no place that he knew was so still and fair as the heart of the Great City.

Now the people who live by Wordsworth's grave in the quiet hills of the Lake Country have been able to sit in their homes and hear the bells ringing in Big Ben's tower on the bridge where Wordsworth stood, and where it seemed to him that "Earth had not anything to show more fair":

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will;  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

From Westminster Bridge, the very heart of our Little Treasure Island, Big Ben has now rung out his midnight chimes so that they were heard in the remotest corners of the kingdom. All over the country people listened to the chimes so familiar to Londoners; it was the first time in history that a sound from Westminster had been heard throughout the land. We may be sure that Parliament will be broadcast before this year is out, and it is interesting to reflect that Big Ben should have been the first member of Parliament to speak to the whole nation.

### When Great Paul was Heard

Never before have so many people listened to a clock striking; and the idea of Big Ben heard so far away—on ships at sea and in other lands—reminds us of the old story of Great Paul being heard at a distance of 22 miles from St. Paul's Cathedral. The fact seemed so impossible that it was disbelieved.

A sentry on the terrace of Windsor Castle in the reign of William and Mary was accused of falling asleep on duty, and was condemned by a court-martial. The soldier stoutly maintained that he had not slept, and as proof of this declared that he had heard the bell of St. Paul's strike thirteen at midnight. So emphatic was the soldier that inquiries were made, and it was found that Great Paul had actually struck thirteen that night for the first time in its existence.

The court had disbelieved the soldier, both on account of the distance and of the story of the extra stroke; but what would his judges have thought if they had been told that the big bell of Westminster would one day be heard from Land's End to John o' Groat's?

## THE GREAT FLOODS IN PARIS

PARIS has had a bad time this year with the January floods.

The River Seine sweeps through it in a curving course not unlike that of the Thames through London, and parts of the city are but little higher than the average level of the stream. So, when the river rises still higher, and at last overflows its banks, there is soon widespread inundation in the low-lying streets, and not only are cellars flooded, but the ground floors of houses here and there become uninhabitable, and boats have to keep up communications.

Naturally, therefore, the effects of rapidly-melting snow along the valleys that feed the tributaries of the Seine, and the falling of heavy rains in the same districts, are watched from Paris with much anxiety. There has been reason for grave anxiety this winter. Ordinarily the water-mark by the

## HEALTHIEST YEAR EVER KNOWN

DISEASE DRIVEN BACK

Nation's Wonderful Bill of Health for 1923

### GROWING-UPS AND GROWN-UPS

Though the world has many grievous lapses, we could not go on living unless we believed it was growing better.

Last year in England it encouraged us by showing that, at any rate, it can grow healthier. The year 1923 was the healthiest this country has ever known.

It was the child population that set the high standard of health. In the year before the war out of every 100,000 children born in Greater London 10,000 never lived to see another birthday; but last year these fearful figures were cut down by nearly half.

### The Power to Live

Taking the whole of England and Wales together, the figures for infants were nearly if not quite so good. The growing-up people and the grown-up people did not show such an improvement in their usual health and "power to live" as that; but, taking all the men, women, and children of England and Wales together, an improvement was shown such as has never before been equalled. We might illustrate it by saying that among Greater London's 7,000,000 souls there were 14,000 more people alive at the end of 1923 than was to have been expected from the records of other years, and in England and Wales rather more than 80,000.

What were the causes? Among the children it was partly that infants, even of the poorest people, are better cared for in the home, the hospital, the school, than they used to be. But it was also because the weather of 1923 was of a healthy kind. There were no long, dry, dusty spells in August, such as spread the dirt diseases which kill so many infants. Besides this, the epidemic of measles, which in most years is very destructive, was robbed of nearly all its virulence in the past twelve months. It killed very few. Why that should be so is not known, for measles has been very severe in middle Europe.

### Mildness of Epidemics

Next to the mildness of the epidemics and illnesses which attack childhood has been the absence of any severe or widespread epidemic of influenza. The great epidemic of influenza which followed the war seems to have cleared the air, perhaps by removing those who were most susceptible to it and by making those who survived it less likely to be harmed by it. At any rate, the people killed by it in 1923 were few, and it never became a very dangerous disease. Moreover, the bronchitis and pneumonia which follow on influenza were robbed of much of their dangers.

## A FIGHTING JOURNALIST

AND WHAT HE DID FOR US

The Editor who Slashed the Doctors Long Ago

### A MEMORY AT A CENTENARY DINNER

There was a dinner in London the other day to celebrate the hundredth birthday of the great medical journal called The Lancet, and the chief toast was proposed by a great surgeon from Leeds, Sir Berkeley Moynihan.

In his speech, Sir Berkeley told the guests something about the first editor of The Lancet, a noble man named Wakley, of whom few have ever heard.

Yet all of us owe an enormous debt of gratitude to this editor, who did for us as much good as any statesman of that time, and whose splendid fighting courage gave us a medical service second to none in the world.

Before his days the medical profession was ruled by stuffy old selfish men, who stubbornly refused to consider new ideas, and used their immense powers chiefly to fill their pockets and provide lucrative jobs for their friends. The teachers of medicine and surgery were ignorant; the examiners were despots. It looked as if no reform were possible.

### Restless for Reform

Then came The Lancet, and Wakley put himself at the head of the young men who chafed under authority and were restless for reform. His journal became a battlefield. Week after week he delivered the most slashing attacks on the bigwigs of the profession, exposing the failure of their operations, denouncing the antiquated methods of physicians, and holding up to scorn the disgraceful favouritism which corrupted the profession at its fountain-head.

To shame the heads of the medical profession he published translations of lectures by foreign doctors; he formed an intellectual alliance with the scientists of France; and by him more than any other man the Medical Act of 1858, called the charter of the medical profession, was passed through Parliament.

### Faith in Great Causes

"To Wakley's achievements," says Sir Berkeley Moynihan, "we owe both admiration and gratitude. His robust and fearless independence, his faith in great causes, his loathing of injustice, all appeal to us. His pungent wit, his blistering satire, his merciless invective, all attract us, for they were never once, I think, unfairly used. Men such as he are called into being when the human spirit is roused to violent upheaval and embittered antagonism by the exercise of power bereft of true authority, of strength devoid of right, of control dictated only by caprice."

This noble tribute to a journalist who brought freedom and honour to the medical profession and enlightenment to the whole nation helps us to see how much good may be done by the very humblest of us if we hate darkness with all our hearts, oppose ourselves with unflinching courage to injustice and oppression, and steadily keep before our eyes the ideal of working for the health and happiness of humanity.

## A BATTLESHIP IDEA

Good Work for the Viking

The battleship Viking has been transformed by the Norwegian Red Cross into a floating hospital for the isolated fishing districts of Norway.

The ship has fifty beds, and with its fine equipment will do a great work.

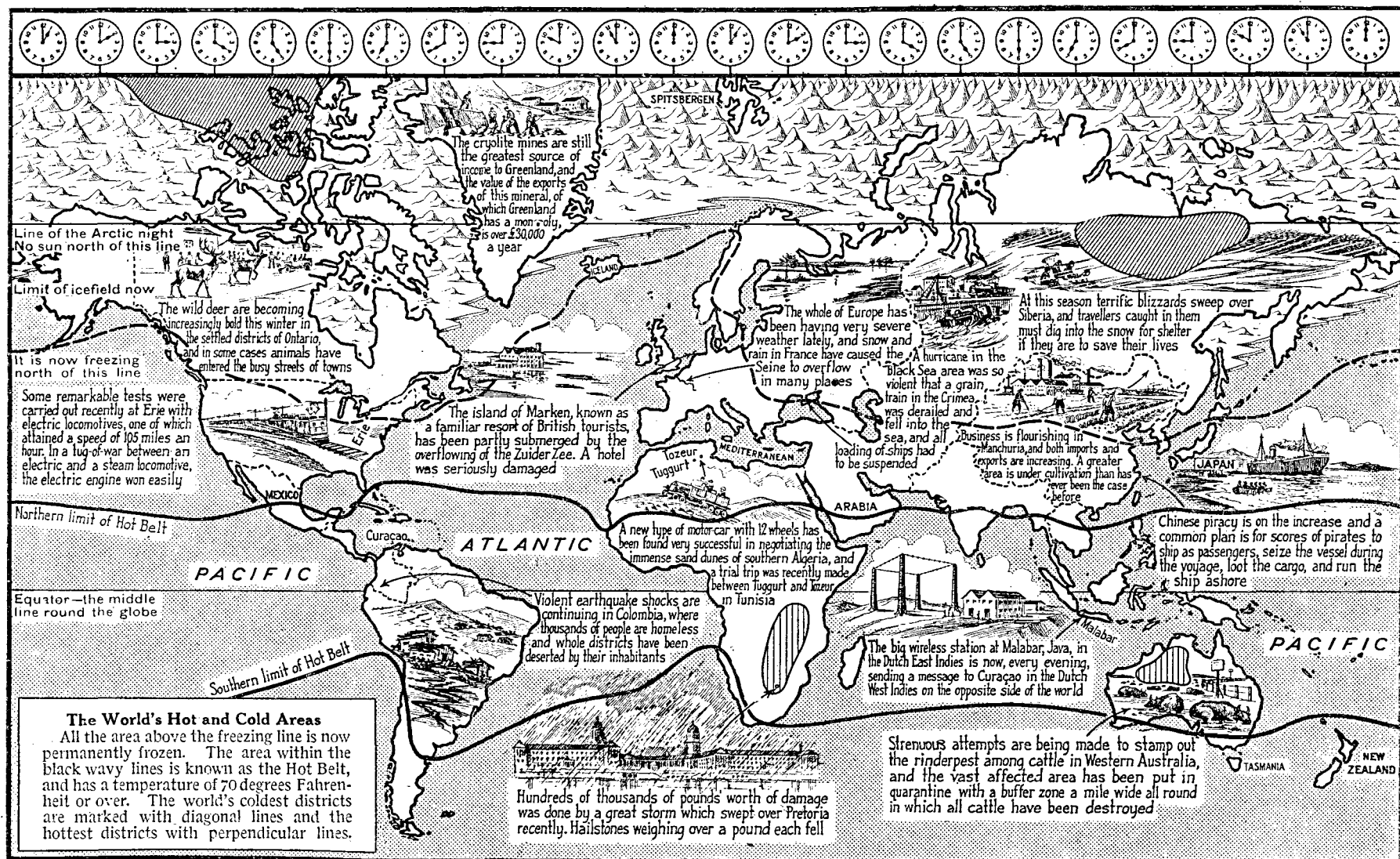
### Pronunciations in This Paper

Azan	Ah-zahn
Canis	Kay-niss
Epsilon	Ep-si-lon
Muezzin	Mu-ez-zin
Pleistocene	Plys-to-seen
Pontresina	Pon-tray-se-nah
Sirius	Sir-e-uss

Picture on page 12



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



### WHAT IS A SHIPPON? Odd Word in a Cathedral Prayer

A special prayer drawn up for use in Chester Cathedral in connection with the outbreak of foot and mouth disease contains the petition "Comfort the farmers and fill again with herds and prosperity the lonely fields and empty shippons."

The last word has caused some surprise, and many people are asking what a shippon is. The word is an old English one of local use, and it is usually spelt shippen. It means a stable or a cowhouse, and is pure English.

In the Middle Ages it was spelt shepne, and we find Chaucer using it in the Knight's Tale, "The shepne brennyng with the blake smoke." It comes from the Anglo-Saxon sceoppa, a hall, or hut, and is a diminutive of that word, so that its real meaning is a little hut.

Shop has exactly the same origin and meaning, the earliest shops in England being little huts, or booths, generally set up at fairs.

### YORKSHIRE LOSES A GOOD OLD MAN William Morfitt and His Collection

Yorkshire has lost a very interesting and distinguished old man.

Six months ago the C.N. had an article on the useful life of Mr. William Morfitt, an East Yorkshire antiquarian, who had acquired a remarkable collection of objects of scientific and historical interest; and we regret now to hear of Mr. Morfitt's death at Atwick, near Hornsea, where he had lived about 40 years. He had reached the great age of 92.

His collection of mammoth tusks and teeth contained over 700 pounds of ivory. He was a friend of Canon Greenwell, investigator of historic camps and mounds, and of Sir William Boyd Hawkins.

### CANADA DOES WELL Great Records in Corn and Cattle

Canada once more gave a splendid account of herself at the Chicago Fair held recently.

The Dominion won 15 out of the 25 wheat prizes, 28 out of the 35 oat prizes, as well as the prize for the best samples of wheat in the show. In addition, Canadian entries won the grand championship for Clydesdale stallions and the grand championship for Aberdeen Angus bulls, and many other livestock laurels.

One of the winning Canadian bulls was sold to an American for over £3000.

### KINDNESS B.C. Hospitals for Animals in the Long Ago

A Bournemouth reader, referring to our report on a hospital for animals in America, says that in the Buddhist literature in the British Museum may be found records of hospitals for animals in India as early as 500 B.C.

At that time (says our correspondent) the greater part of the civilised world was Buddhist, and by that gentle faith hospitals were provided alike for man and beast.

Little signposts by the roadside pointed the way to hospitals for horses, hospitals for donkeys, and, similarly, for other animals.

### RACE OVER A VOLCANO The Japanese Marathon

A Marathon race in Japan was recently run over a course that fully tested the stamina and grit of the rivals.

It was a 25-mile run over the volcanic mountain of Fujiyama, and of the fifty athletes who started on the long run up the slope only 25 finished, the winning time being 4 hours and 28 minutes.

### HOW THE RELAY WORKS What We Shall See at Wembley

We all hear of relays nowadays, thanks to our friend the B.B.C. Now we are to see how they work. The secret of sending a telegram from London to Australia is to be shown at the Wembley Exhibition this year.

When telegraph signals are sent over thousands of miles, it is necessary to revivify them every now and then. This is done at relay stations, where the spent or worn-out message is made to operate a very sensitive relay, which gathers fresh strength from a local battery and sends the original message, completely strengthened, to the next relay station.

### A NEW KIND OF SHIP Half Motor and Half Steam

The Dolius, the new kind of ship described some time ago in the C.N., will shortly be completed. It is the first ship fitted with one of the Scott-Still engines, which is a combination of a motor engine and a steam engine.

The lower half of each cylinder acts as an ordinary two-stroke Diesel motor engine for oil fuel, and the upper half as a steam engine, the water being heated inside the cylinder by the heat of the explosion of the oil and air mixture below.

The Dolius is 400 feet long and has a displacement of over 11,000 tons.

### KNOTS IN WOOD An Important Discovery

Exhaustive tests by a United States Government Department have disproved the popular theory that knots in timber seriously impair its supporting strength.

A wonderful machine capable of applying a vertical pressure of a million pounds was used in the experiments, and the result is of the utmost importance to structural engineers, as it makes available for use thousands of feet of timber that would otherwise be wasted.

### AN INSECT AND ITS CLOTHES Does the Fog Spoil Them?

By a Scientific Correspondent

The Air Ministry's report on Atmospheric Pollution prepares us for the worst by stating that during a London fog there are 20,000 particles of dust in every cubic centimetre—that is to say, in a very small thimbleful.

There is, of course, a fair amount of coal dust in it, a lot of oily matter derived from tar, and a good deal of acid. What the effect is on London buildings we can see; the doctors say that the effect on our lungs is to make them a greyish black instead of pink.

But Mr. R. J. Pulvertaft, who writes about these things, says that the smoky, dusty atmosphere of London has actually changed the colours of the outdoor moths which dwell in the parks and gardens. These moths, when in the country, are grey; in London suburbs they have become nearly black. The pepper-and-salt moth has disappeared almost within living memory; the moth which appears where it used to be found is completely black and smaller. It is not, of course, the same moth, but another, formerly rarely seen, which has taken its place. The spring usher moth, another grey insect that used to be found on the oaks of Wimbledon Common, seems to have put off its familiar dove-like raiment, and now appears banded in black!

### MOST POPULAR HYMNS An Interesting Census

One of America's leading musical magazines has been conducting a very interesting experiment.

It asked its readers to name their favourite hymns, and 32,000 answers were sent in. Abide With Me led with 7301 votes; Nearer My God to Thee was second with 5490 votes; followed by Lead, Kindly Light, Rock of Ages, and Jesu Lover of My Soul in the order named.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 19 1924

## B.B.C.

SOLEMN and wonderful beyond all words is the life of man. He knows nothing of his beginning; he knows nothing of his end. He can but trust that all is well.

All through the ages of his story it has been well. His history has been one long climb to higher things. He has marched from step to step, from age to age; he who lived in trees and hid in caves has made himself the master of the world. He can let his War Men turn it into a jungle filled with human tigers, or he can let his Peace Men turn it into a garden filled with happy people. It is for man to say which way he will go.

With thoughts like these a great multitude of people must have put down their wireless telephones the other day. We are thinking of that great Sunday night when the B.B.C. accomplished one of the noblest triumphs in our scientific annals. We do not hesitate to say that of the broadcasting of Handel's Messiah.

The B.B.C. has had a hard fight in these early days of the Wireless Age, and we have not always liked the things it has sent out to our people; but it has made its way, it has raised its standard, and we believe that it will put itself among the powers that make for righteousness. It has as many listeners-in as the C.N. has readers, and it is a wondrous thing to look forward and imagine what must come.

We may wonder if last Christmastide will not be ever memorable in music for the sending out of Handel's Messiah. Into hundreds of thousands of lives the mystery and beauty and power of Handel's music must have come for the first time, and no man can measure the good that it must do. If anything on Earth is fit to be heard in Heaven this majestic music of Handel is, and for the first time in the history of the world the B.B.C. has sent it out upon the winds for any man, anywhere, to pick up.

We congratulate them. We suggest they should have a Handel Festival once a year, and that they should give us a Mendelssohn Festival, too, with Elijah. We suggest that they should give us a Shakespeare Day from Stratford, a Wagner Day from Baireuth, a Lincoln Day from Washington, a Cromwell Day from London, a Wordsworth Day from the Lakes.

It is a dazzling opportunity that the march of Time has brought to them. Science, changing the world for us every year we live, has done for us the most amazing thing since Time began—it has opened a great new world for all mankind, and for us in Little Treasure Island the B.B.C. is the Keeper of the Gate. We wish it well, and count its work among the things no man can measure. A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Breath of Life

IF you take the seed of a plant and put it in a bottle to which air has no access, it will die. But why will it die? Because it cannot live without air. But what does a seed want with air? *It breathes air.*

The tiniest of all the seeds respire just like a man or an elephant. It contains life. The mighty mystery which baffles science is there in the seed, as it was in Plato or Shakespeare.

Think of this the next time you pass a seedsman's window. All those little seeds in boxes, packets, and sacks are breathing hard. That is their struggle for existence.

## Three Classes of Classes

THE chairman of one of our county councils has been suggesting that our educational system would be improved by grading children in three classes, as Geniuses, Mediocrities, or Incapables.

We feel rather sorry for the schoolmaster who tried it, and we are sure the idea is a false one. Genius sometimes, but not always, appears in childhood. Not infrequently a child who makes little mark at school grows up to do great and useful work and to achieve fame. Sir Walter Scott is said to have been a dullard at school, and Herbert Spencer never passed an examination.

On the other hand, a child who is brilliant in class may or may not have the other qualities needed to make a first-class citizen. The only sensible course is to make the best of every child, and to encourage every one to train every faculty.

## Till Danger's Troubled Night Depart

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart  
And the star of peace return.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

## Granted

WE said to a little lady the other day, "You know how grateful you are when you receive a present. Well, think of life as a birthday present. Can you imagine any present more glorious?"

"Well, I do think of it as a present," she objected.

We explained that some people take it for granted, whereupon came the question: "What is *granted*?"

And then we were puzzled, but a little later, in the privacy of our books, we looked it up in the dictionary. We found fifteen meanings to the word. The bother of it is that if one really did think of life as granted to us, we should be doing the right thing; whereas if we take it for granted we are doing the wrong thing.

The more we think of words the more we feel that they are a significant part of the mystery of existence.

## Dry Meals

THERE is something in the idea that our health would be better if we took our meals dry, as all the animals do.

No animal drinks while it is eating. No groom gives water to his horse while it is munching its oats. We should drink between meals, not at meals.

This idea is now being proclaimed by an eloquent writer who holds up the lemon as a cure for nearly all the ills of life. When he gets on to a lemon you can almost hear the pips squeak; but when he talks about dry meals he makes our mouth water. It is a great thing to be enthusiastic about an idea, particularly when it is a dry subject.

## Tip-Cat

MR. MASSEY thinks the British peoples are as good as gold. Perhaps because they have only one sovereign among them.

WE read that Russia is finding her feet again. She mislaid them when she lost her head.

MANY ugly field advertisements are to be removed.



PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO  
KNOW

If draught-boards are used to draw up fires

those persons who want to wind up Germany's trade.

DAIRY workers have to get up in the middle of the night, or they would be too late for the Milky Way.

NAUGHTINESS in a boy, we are told, often consists in being found out after the teacher has told him to stop in.

## The Sunshine Girl

OF a poor girl who was killed in an accident the other day her landlady said: "She was sunshine itself. She made everybody happy around her, and nobody could have been happier than she was."

How good it will be if some day somebody can say that of us! If all they can say is that we were rich, clever, or important, we shall have missed the best of life. The sunshine girl worked hard and was not rich, but she had something without which money is as nothing.

The only well-to-do are the happy, and they can afford to be sorry for the poor rich who have gained what they thought was wealth and have lost what they had hoped to be able to buy.

## Now His Day is Over

The long day of Sabine Baring-Gould is over; he lived for nearly ninety years, and of all the things he wrote, including 100 books, these lines will, perhaps, live longest. Let us think of him as we read them.

Now the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh;  
Shadows of the evening  
Fall across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars begin to peep;  
Birds and beasts and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.

JESU, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With Thy tenderest blessing  
May mine eyelids close.

WHEN the morning wakens  
Then may I arise  
Pure and fresh and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes.

J. W.

By Our Country Girl

IN the list of great letter-writers, I should like to see the name of my friend J. W.

His life-story, if you will hear it, is soon told, for he is only eleven. His father, who had served his country as a soldier, and was later in private work, suddenly fell dead at his task. The widow and children were left penniless, but self-respect and hard work have kept their brave heads above water.

One day, J., the jolliest of the brood, and the one who was doing best at school, was knocked down in a boyish game. His leg was hurt in some mysterious way, and since then J. has been in hospital for nine months, latterly in an open-air ward.

Once a week his mother makes a journey to see him, bringing some little gift which means a real sacrifice, gladly made, and the C.N. always goes with it. J. W.'s active mind finds something there to occupy it through the long tedious days. He always talks cheerfully to his mother, but doesn't like to think how he is dropping behind his form at school.

## What We Think of Him

J. W.'s sister lives in the writer's house, and his cheerful, joking letters have more than one reader. No one could guess from them that he ever knew a moment's pain or boredom.

Last week we heard from his mother that the leg had been opened and the bone scraped. On the same day J. W. wrote to acknowledge a letter, saying "This morning I had an anaesthetic," and then passing on to subjects which he supposes to be of greater interest.

In a later letter, after giving thanks for some magazines, and announcing that he has now 200 cigarette cards, he says: "I have a bath twice a day; don't you think I'm lucky?" We might, if we did not know from other sources that on these fortunate occasions the poor leg is plunged into salt water.

J. W. thinks well of the C.N. If this should meet his eye, he will know what the C.N. thinks of him—to wit, that he is something of a hero.



## MAX FLADT, HERO WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SEVEN MEN?

A Fine Story of the Rhine  
that Has No Ending

### SEEKING TRUTH IN VAIN

A pleasant item in the New Year news was that the French general commanding in the Ruhr allowed visits to be made by friends to all the thousands of prisoners still held by the French in the gaols of the Rhineland and the Ruhr.

The news affords us an opportunity of referring to a matter in which some explanation is due to our readers.

In August, 1923, the C.N. told the story of Max Fladt, a German innkeeper on the banks of the Rhine who with fine daring plunged into the rapid river and saved the lives of two French soldiers.

### The Hero's Choice

So fine was the deed that the French general allowed the rescuer to name any reward he would choose. What Max Fladt did choose was that seven Germans, then under sentence of death for damaging property might be pardoned.

The general forwarded the hero's request to the right quarters, with a strong recommendation that it should be answered favourably.

That was as far as the report went at the time, and quite a considerable number of our readers were interested in the ending of the incident, so that we promised to try to find out the facts.

Five months have passed since then, and we think it is due to those interested readers to say what we have been doing to bring the story to its natural ending. It will also show our readers the difficulties that confront those who try to trace out the full truth of a very simple matter of plain fact. The point is, what happened to those seven condemned Germans, the saving of whose lives might have rewarded the brave man who saved two French lives?

### Seven Things Done

1. We waited, expecting that the sequel would come as news in the usual way; but no further reference was made to the incident. Unfortunately news services are often like that in these hurried days. A last chapter is apt to miss its way. Most papers print a story when it gives them big headings, and forget it the next morning.

2. Then we made a systematic search of all kinds of likely papers—in vain.

3. Thereupon the Editor wrote to the French Ambassador in London, and received a very courteous reply, saying that inquiries should be made, and the C.N. should be informed.

4. Presently another letter was sent as a reminder that the information had not been received, and the second letter did not bring a reply.

5. A Paris correspondent was then approached to pursue the inquiry, but failed to trace the incident farther.

6. Next, a personal friend of the Editor, who is also a personal friend of the French President, was asked to trace the end of the case, but nothing came of this.

7. We wrote to the officer commanding on the spot, who commended Max Fladt's petition to the authorities in Paris, but no information came.

### The Unknown End

All these attempts to satisfy a general desire to know the full completion of the story have failed. Why should they fail? Why should they not have brought the news of the ending of a fine story if it is a pleasant ending? Why does the desire for truth batter in vain against an impassable wall? One cannot but fear that the offenders were not pardoned, and that the true ending of the story is one which would not read so pleasantly as the thrilling deed of Max Fladt, who saved two sons for France.

## FRANCE HONOURS THE MEN WITH THE HOE

THE French have been making up a Roll of Honour for all families who have tilled the same land for 300 years. It is not an easy task, for local records are easily destroyed, and France, more than most countries, has been swept by war again and again. Still there are already 750 families on this Roll of Honour, tilling the land their forefathers have tilled for 300 years or more.

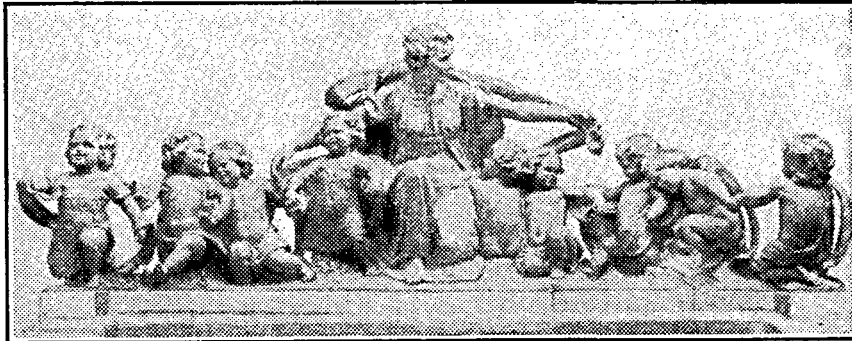
The oldest of these farming families to make good a claim dates back its occupancy of its present land to the year 772, or 1152 years ago. No doubt there are landowners in the British Isles who could compete with that claim. The

Thorolds of Syston Hall, Lincolnshire, were there in Saxon times, and have had an honourable standing in the county ever since.

We do not nurse and safeguard our people "on the land," as the French have done for 150 years, but still they have long continuous records in many families. The Wilsons of Broomhead Hall, near Sheffield, proud to be country gentlemen on the land, refused knight-hood 300 years ago, and are still in the same neighbourhood.

It would be interesting to have a British record of this form of steadfast national service.

## THE LABOUR LEADER AND HIS FAMILY



The beautiful memorial to the late Mrs. Margaret MacDonald



Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Labour leader, and his family

All C.N. readers will be interested to see this photograph of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his family, taken just after the recent General Election. The beautiful memorial to the late Mrs. MacDonald, sculptured by Mr. R. R. Goulden, stands in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Returning to Athens after his long exile, M. Venizelos has been elected President of the National Assembly of Greece.

What is said to be the largest deposit of radium in the world has been discovered by an expedition in Russian Turkestan.

### Prayer at a Farmers' Meeting

The Chester Branch of the Farmers' Union, meeting to consider the cattle plague and its remedy, opened their meeting with prayer.

### The French Franc

The French franc has fallen to the lowest point it has touched since M. Poincaré came into office—88½ to the £, one franc being worth 2½d.

### No Smoking in the Clouds

Smoking is prohibited up in the clouds above the British Isles. An order of the Air Ministry forbids it in British aircraft everywhere, and in all aircraft over these islands.

The United States now has 40 per cent of the world's railway mileage.

The lost French airship was found, after long anxiety, wrecked in the sea off Sardinia.

### A Mile of Signatures!

A petition recently presented to President Coolidge asking for the entry of the United States into the World Court has over a mile of signatures.

### Jack Keightley

We much regret that little Jack Keightley, who was brought from the Cape to be cured of diabetes at the London Hospital and returned home apparently cured, has now died.

### A Great Gift for the Empire

Fifty thousand pounds has been given by Mr. Henry Laming, of East Grinstead, to Queen's College, Oxford, for travelling scholarships, to train men for the public services of the British Commonwealth.

## FOR ENGLAND'S SAKE

### THE WAYSIDE BEAUTY COMING AGAIN

Great Trading People Wake  
Up to a Great Idea

### UGLY HOARDINGS DOWN

By Our Art Correspondent

This is a day to be glad and rejoice. A wonderful thing has happened. The day is on its way when our fields and hedgerows shall no longer be mocked by huge placards or advertisements. The end of these spoilers is in sight.

Two great petrol companies (Shell and Pratt's) have led the way in a fine act of public-spiritedness. Of their own free will they have decided to take down their hoardings wherever they flank the high roads. The British Petroleum Company and Dunlop's are following their example, and very soon about sixteen thousand of these unpleasant objects will have disappeared.

### A Victory for Good Taste

Surely other companies will not be found slow to follow such a lead. And let us hope that then advertisers of pills and soap and watches and ginger-beer and other useful things will also make their sacrifice for England's sake.

This is a very great victory for lovers of the wayside, and it has not been as easily won as might appear. Many great people up and down the land have always been at work trying to save our countryside from ugly things; many hoardings have been removed in Kent under the bye-law adopted by the Kent County Council. A body of men called the Scapa Society, with Lord Lascelles as president, have been working for a long time, trying to control the growing abuse of advertisement in rural England. Lord Newton has been active in Parliament.

### Art at the Railway Station

Together with this pulling down there is to be some building up; and this, again, is excellent. The Shell-Mex company are responsible for part of it. They have chosen a number of railway arches that span our high roads, and are about to try and make them look a little less gaunt. On one hand the arch is to bear a useful statement of mileage, and on the other a wall picture of some "beauty spot."

A still more interesting action has been taken by the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway Company. They have chosen seventeen well-known members of the Royal Academy to paint posters for their station walls.

It is a joy indeed to think that many of the existing posters in country stations may be scrapped to give place to really good pictures; and it makes us wonder again and again why the best art of the nation should have been so wilfully separated from trade. The art world, we remember, was terribly shocked when Sir John Millais's famous Bubbles became an advertisement for soap. Let us be thankful that this foolish pride is passing.

### An Oasis in the Desert

But the chief thanks of the C.N. will be given today to the men who are pulling down the hoardings. Little Treasure Island is not big enough to bear these scars. There is not much of Kent, or Sussex, or Westmorland—only a few score miles of garden, moor and hill.

Where God stands winding his lonely horn,  
And time and the world are even in flight.

The hubbub of town and railway is never far distant; we cherish the green loveliness because it is an oasis in the desert of the workaday world.

And when we have been out on the high roads, looking at the soft, changing lines against the sky, it has been terrible to come suddenly on a huge, monstrously ugly board set high in this loveliness. He who murders beauty is a murderer indeed.



## THE WEE MEN AND PETER PAN

### BIRMINGHAM'S NEW PLAY

#### The Stolen Baby and What Came of It

#### THE NAME THE FAIRIES GAVE

By Our Birmingham Correspondent

The famous Birmingham Repertory Theatre has done one more notable thing in producing a new fairy play called Wee Men!

It is a bewitching little fantasy, full of ancient Celtic fairy lore, and the music for it has been written by Mr. Rutland Boughton, whose work seems to have blossomed like a wonderful new flower. In Wee Men it is dainty as a Japanese colour-print, and sweet and fresh as a mountain spring.

But the play is notable for more than its fairy lore or its music. It is a unique tribute to one of the best loved of living authors, who has entranced the mind of many a child. This is not revealed until the end of the play is reached, and a charming surprise it is.

#### The Horns of Elfin-land

This is the story. On Michaelmas Eve the Wee Men ride through the mountains and valleys of Scotland, wreaking mischief where they can. A lady with her baby seeks refuge in the cottage of Grandpa Grumps, an old cobbler, whose niece, Patsy, has hung a branch of rowan, the only safeguard against the mischievous Wee Men, above the door.

With pride the lady tells her new-found host and his niece that her baby is going to be a great author some day. Patsy takes the baby and begins to read the name on its bib, "J—;" but the lady forbids her to go on. The baby is put to bed.

At night the rowan is stolen by a woman who has a grudge against the old cobbler. Stealthily she takes it down, and then, to the accompaniment of a delicate march which is filled with sweet echoes like the horns of elfin-land, the Wee Men crowd in, steal the baby, and leave in its place a log of wood.

#### Fairy Thoughts and Fancies

The baby shall one day be the bride, the Wee Men say, of one of their number, whom the Elder Wee Man has condemned to marry a mortal because his beard has reached the ground.

To make sure that the baby shall be a suitable bride the Wee Men endow it with the fairy gifts of their race—Imagination, Pathos, and Whimsicality. These are represented by three fairies, who dance round the child. Imagination is a bright, gay figure in broad ribbons of every colour; the second is robed beautifully in blue and carries the deep vial of Pathos to the tiny captive; and Whimsicality touches its cheek with the Feather of Laughter.

Then a Wee Man catches sight of the name on the bib, but he can read only the first part, "James." The baby is a boy!

"We cannot send him back," the Wee Men cry, "for, endowed by us, he will take fairy thoughts and fancies back into the world of men."

#### Creator of Peter Pan

There is only one thing to do; the baby must be kept prisoner.

Only after much adventurous searching in the hills do Patsy and Grandpa Grumps learn the secret of recovering the child. They must go back and put the Wee Men's log of wood on the fire till it burns. Then the baby will appear.

It is so. Patsy runs joyously to the baby, and, while its mother still sleeps, she reads out the name of the little one who has been endowed with fairy gifts. The name is *James Matthew Barrie*.

A beautiful tribute, indeed, to the creator of Peter Pan! Could anything please him more? Brenda Girvin and Monica Cosens, who wrote the play, have paid him a compliment which he will surely cherish.

## HOW JANUARY FOUND THE WORLD

JANUARY is named from Janus, one of the Roman gods, who was supposed to look forward and backward; and when January comes we are all inclined to do that.

We welcome the coming, and speed the departing, year, remembering what one brought us and trying to forecast what the other may bring. What is the outlook for the world from the standpoint in Time of January 1924?

We must admit that 1923 was an uneasy year. The world has not settled down after the strain and changes of the war that was supposed to end five years ago but still lives on.

#### A Brighter Prospect

The fighting has stopped, it is true, but the spirit of genuine peace has not reigned in the hearts of men of all countries. It is rather a fear of war than a spirit of mutual forbearance and helpfulness that has prompted nations in their dealings with each other. Until that spirit of helpfulness returns there will not be any final rest for the countries of Europe.

Still, the immediate prospect for 1924 seems to us somewhat brighter and less hazy. Germany is the country to which all eyes turn first. She is gravely disorganised and on the edge of a complete financial failure, which, if it came about, would disturb Europe to a degree not easily imagined. But even here the prospect is less hopeless than it was.

#### Good Work of the League

Apparently Germany is at last in the mind to make peace by accepting sacrifices which she has evaded until now—largely, no doubt, because the Allies have not been united on any reasonable plan for enabling Germany to pay. The German people are tough, disciplined, and practical, and a chance of such conditions as will enable them to recover is one of the possibilities of 1924. France is less difficult and less rigidly exacting than she was.

Austria seems to have been put on her feet by Europe, acting through the League of Nations. Hungary asks for the same help. Greece is checking her tendency towards wild excitement, and is seeking a settled government through the statesmanship of Venizelos.

#### Government by Parliament

Turkey is trying steadily to build herself up into a self-governing State, with the one danger before her of making claims in Mesopotamia that cannot be allowed. The Balkan States, which have so often caused wars, are trying to incorporate the alien races that form minorities in each of them. So far they have not developed strong rivalries with neighbouring countries.

All these things make the outlook more hopeful than it ever has been in the immediate past.

A prominent feature of the government of the world in the last few years has been the departure of great States from the system of Parliamentary Government, which is one of England's priceless gifts to mankind. Germany has fallen back on government by two or three men of strong character when she has been most severely tried. Our own country did the same, but within the lines of Parliamentary Government, at the height of the war crisis. Russia is under the control of a few men, and has no free choice of her rulers. Italy, Spain, and Bulgaria have all reverted to government by force without calling for the untrammelled assent of the people. Even in countries where the British are introducing

methods of freedom, popular government is not being used in a practical way. India and Palestine are showing an inability to take advantage of our ways of managing public affairs. These things may come right in the end, but the present outlook is disappointing.

On the other hand, there are encouraging signs. Southern Ireland, admitted as a nation to the League of Nations, has been rallying in a peaceful and sensible way. Order has been restored to a very large extent, and the Free State Parliament seems to be realising that a country must put its affairs in good order and pay its way if it is to succeed.

#### Three Great Parties

In Great Britain, too, there has been a gratifying strengthening of the power of Parliament, and a good deal of confidence is felt that the common sense of politicians will enable government to be carried on satisfactorily, although the balancing of parties has been greatly changed by the last general election, so that we have now three great parties, none with a clear majority over the others. The year in our domestic politics will, no doubt, witness one of the greatest changes ever known, with Labour in responsibility and power.

The American Republic appears to be realising more and more that she cannot stand aloof from the rest of the world and pretend that she is unaffected by the troubles of other nations.

The League of Nations, the most hopeful of all the institutions of mankind—though some countries would use it for their own advantage or neglect it if that course seems best to suit their plans—has been doing substantial work, and proving its usefulness.

#### Promising Signs of Progress

In all these respects there are sound reasons for hopefulness as to the future of mankind on the lines of peace and reasonable dealings between nations.

In social ways, apart from the action of Governments, the past year has brought promising signs of progress. Unemployment shows some abatement; and the new Parliament will, no doubt, make advances in this direction by common agreement between all the parties that are pledged to deal with the question sympathetically and vigorously. Strikes, which are only a useless and devastating form of war, benefiting nobody, have been rare. Railway fares are decreasing somewhat, and a cheapened postage cannot be long delayed. The new Government will surely wish to give us back our Penny Post. It would greatly stimulate trade.

#### The Spread of Wireless

The most sensational development in 1923 has been the almost universal spread of wireless, which has brought to vast numbers of the homes of the land the pleasures of music and entertainment, and has linked people together, as in one vast family, as they have never been linked before. The possibility of an appeal to all the people of the land at one moment and by a single voice is a power tending to unity of thought and feeling such as has never been even conceived before. Yet it is more than a possibility. It is becoming a fact.

If we balance the fears that have perplexed men's minds during 1923 with the hopes which we may reasonably cherish for 1924 we shall see that there are good reasons for welcoming the new year with a sober confidence.

## THE CORINTHIANS

### A FAMOUS TEAM WINS A GREAT VICTORY

#### Football Played in the Fine Spirit of Cricket

#### GAMES FOR THE LOVE OF THEM

Of all the athletic contests which marked the New Year holiday season nothing so closely engaged the attention of Young England as the tour of the great amateur football club, the Corinthian team.

Slowly recovering after the war, the Corinthians, composed in the main of old 'varsity and public school players, seem, when at full strength, destined to equal the splendid play which characterised them 20 years ago, when those old Blues G. O. Smith, W. J. Oakley, and C. Wreford-Brown were first choice for England; and those almost legendary days when, led by Lord Kinnaird, amateur teams used to beat strong professional clubs and win the English Cup.

#### A Notable Performance

The best thing the Corinthians have done for many years was to defeat the most famous of all amateur clubs, Queen's Park, at Glasgow on New Year's Day. This was a very notable victory by four goals to none, gained in the presence of 25,000 spectators.

The revival of the Corinthians is gratifying from the fact that all its members play for sport and not for gain, play football in the fine spirit of cricket, never for individual glory.

These young experts keep alive the best traditions of football, combining speed and expert mastery of the ball with excellent passing and strong, bold "shooting." The whole team may play as a well-regulated machine, but each of its parts is a thinking, calculating human element, prepared for a desperate individual sally to relieve a situation of danger, and as willing, for the good of the side, to transfer the ball to another at the expense of individual desire and chance of personal distinction.

#### The Unconquerable Spirit

Amateur play is generally more vigorous than professional. The men charge, shoulder to shoulder, as footballers should; but they do not trip or hack or hold, mean devices which mar the game of many paid players.

We have no players in the big professional teams today equal to G. O. Smith, but the more the Corinthians come in contact with the League clubs the better becomes the whole standard of the game.

The chief professionals can still teach the amateurs something in strategy and tactics, but the amateurs impart the teachings of their old masters and the unconquerable spirit of C. B. Fry and other giants of his generation.

## THE TERROR OF THE STREETS OF LONDON

### 233 Children Killed

The city of St. Louis, in the United States, has, as part of a Safety Week programme, dedicated a monument to the memory of 32 of its children killed in one year by motorists.

The chief inscription reads: In Memory of Child Life sacrificed on the Altar of Haste and Recklessness.

The Jewish Rabbi, speaking during the ceremony of dedication, said: "Every child has a right to live, and has the right to cross the road safely. This monument cries out against the negligence of the people and against the cheap regard in which life is held."

On the first day of this Safety Week in St. Louis, and the very day of the ceremony, four more people were killed there by motor-cars.

But let us not cast a stone at St. Louis, for 233 children were killed in the streets of London last year.



## OLD MAN OF A YOUNG NATION

ALOIS JIRASEK OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

The Walter Scott of a Rising State in Europe

### WRITER AND STATESMAN

The men who have reshaped the boundaries of the countries of Eastern Europe are gradually becoming known in the West.

The violent men, like Lenin and Trotsky, who, helped by Germany, suddenly throttled Russia into submission to Communism, were, of course, quickly known, as violence always makes a noise. But other men, who were quieter forces in other countries for better purposes, are more slowly taking a place in history.

Czecho-Slovakia, for instance, has three such men. Thomas Masaryk, the President of the country, and Edward Benes, the Foreign Minister, have for some time had a more than European fame. And now it is becoming widely known that in the freeing of Czecho-Slovakia from the rule of Austria a great influence was exercised by a novelist writing in the Czech language.

#### Bohemia's Heroic Story

He it was who pictured in powerful tales the early heroic story of Bohemia, roused in the people a confident revival of patriotism, and led the nation to rally round Masaryk as the first President of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia.

His name is Alois Jirasek, the j, as in all Slav languages, being pronounced like our y. Jirasek was born in the north-east of Bohemia on August 23, 1852. In youth he was quite poor, but by studying hard he made his way to Prague University, became a teacher of history, and then a professor there.

#### Honoured by a Grateful Country

So great has been his influence on his country's history in recent years that when August 23, 1922, came round, and Jirasek reached the age of seventy, the day was kept as a national fête. He has been specially made a citizen of all the chief towns of his country, and his bust has been placed in the National Theatre in its capital, Prague.

These honours have been bestowed on Alois Jirasek by his grateful country because, through his romantic historical stories, he showed her the way to freedom, and led the way himself, as an ally of his friends Masaryk and Benes.

Jirasek had a great admiration for the stories of Sir Walter Scott, which first interpreted Scotland and the Scottish people to the world at large. He tried, in a similar way, to revive for the Czech race, in glowing romances, the heroism of Bohemia when, in the days of John Huss, she led the way boldly for religious freedom in the face of the whole world.

#### Statesman and Writer

He pictured, too, in stories of thrilling power, the overthrow of Bohemia and her centuries of suppression, and turned his countrymen's thoughts to the revival of her life which has now come. It was largely the reading of his tales which led the Czech army that had surrendered from the Austrians to the Russians to keep together in Russia, and, in sympathy with the aims of the Western Powers, march right through Russia and Siberia, and return by sea to Europe to defend their new Republic.

It was Jirasek who spoke the welcome of Prague to Thomas Masaryk when he entered the city to establish the Republic in 1918. Now the novelist is one of the representatives of Prague in the national Senate.

Jirasek is something more than the Walter Scott of Czecho-Slovakia; he has helped to complete as a statesman the work he began as a writer.

## ELECTRICAL FEATS

NEW ACHIEVEMENTS

Working a Railway Signal at a Distance

### MR. EDISON'S PROPHECY

Two new achievements in electricity have been announced.

One is a means of working distant points on a railway by electricity. Points on the rails too far from the signal-cabin to control by the ordinary means—the pulling of a lever—can now be worked by primary batteries, the earliest form of electric power.

The signalman does nothing more than send a feeble electric current along wires running by the side of the rails to the distant points. This signal causes an electric magnet to attract a little metal arm. The arm then strikes a contact through which a heavy current from the primary battery can flow to a far more powerful magnet, which in turn shifts the points. Thus the signalman causes the rails to switch over from one line to another.

An installation of this kind is in use at Ashington, in Northumberland, and the distant power control is being adopted on many of our great railways.

The second announcement is of a wonderful instrument now being made for use where electric power stations

### The Greatest Rubbish Heap in History

EVERY man on Earth with a brain inside his skull knows that what is wrong with the world is the shadow of the fear of War that is for ever over it.

WITH this relic of barbarism removed from its path, Civilisation would leap forward at a bound, and peace for all would bring prosperity for all.

THERE is hope, however, in one great thing that has been done—the one thing accomplished since the Great War stopped. Like a beacon calling to nations sick unto death stands out the Washington Conference, at which the great sea nations, abandoning their fears and their hostilities, agreed to break up a hundred million pounds' worth of battleships, and to replace the pursuit of fear and war with the pursuit of friendliness and peace.

The dramatic result of this momentous conference is explained in the new C.N. monthly, *My Magazine*, for February, on sale everywhere on January 15.

are miles apart, and information is required at a central engineer's office as to the amounts of power in use over a large network of power lines. Huge currents, involving ten thousand horsepower, are indicated by a tiny electric current, which operates an ingenious instrument in the central office. The small current is used in the instrument to warm a little electric heater. The warmth of the heater is measured by a delicate galvanometer, and the movements of the needle show what power is being consumed at the distant station.

There is no end to the uses of electricity. We agree with the remark made the other day by Mr. Edison that the next ten years will lead to far bigger developments than the past ten years.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Where Does the Wick of the Candle Go When it is Burned?

It disappears into the atmosphere in the form of gases, and is carried away.

What Makes Dust?

Dust is pulverised earth, or rocky matter worn fine by wind, weather, traffic, and other agencies.

Who was Anne Hathaway?

Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a yeoman of Shotton, near Stratford-on-Avon, was Shakespeare's wife.

What does it Mean to Have Grit?

Firmness of character and courage. The figure is taken from the compact, hard sandstone used for grindstones and known in the North of England as grit.

What is the Name of the Moslem Call to Prayer?

The summons to prayer cried from the door or side of small mosques, and from the minaret of large mosques, by the muezzin, is known as the Azan.

Why Does a Planet Shine if it is not a Burning Mass?

It shines for the same reason that a metal reflector shines. The Sun shines upon it, illuminating it, and the light is reflected so that we see it.

Who Was the Author of The Guardian?

This was a periodical publication issued daily in 1713 at a penny, and was edited by Sir Richard Steele, who wrote 82 papers. Addison wrote 53. Altogether 175 numbers were issued.

How Can Oxygen be Obtained from the Air?

Heat barium oxide, when it takes up the oxygen of the air and becomes barium peroxide. Then heat that under reduced pressure, and it will give up oxygen, which can be collected over water. On a commercial scale oxygen is usually separated from liquid air.

Where do Snails Get their Shells From?

They make them from a material produced by their mantle, or flap, and usually bury themselves in the ground when they do this. Shells do not grow during hibernation, but when growth begins it takes place very rapidly.

Who Made the First Map?

Anaximander of Miletus is said to have been the inventor of geographical charts about 570 B.C. All we know for certain, however, is that the ancient Egyptians and Greeks developed the science of map-making to a high degree.

Who Invented Gas?

Natural gas escaping from the earth is said to have been collected and used for lighting in China many hundreds of years ago; but in the western world William Murdock first used coal gas for lighting his house at Redruth, Cornwall, in 1792.

When Treasures are Found in the Ground or Elsewhere Whose are They?

If they are of gold or silver they belong to the Crown, and to conceal them is a crime. They are called treasure trove, but treasure trove does not include valuables other than gold or silver, though such have been the subject of legal proceedings.

When was the National Anthem Written?

No one can say definitely. It is believed to have been sung in Latin in James the Second's chapel in 1688 to an adaptation of an air by Dr. John Bull, who lived from 1562 to 1628. The story that Henry Carey, author of *Sally in Our Alley*, wrote it is now discredited.

Who are the Peculiar People?

An English Protestant sect founded in 1838 by John Baynard. They hold the evangelical faith, and their most conspicuous tenet is a reliance on prayer for healing the sick and a refusal to accept medical aid. This often leads them into trouble with the authorities when their children die unattended by a doctor.

How Many Years Did the Great Ice Age Last?

The Great Ice Age was the earlier part of the present geological epoch, the Pleistocene, during which the ice-sheets covering the land several times increased and waned. As to how many times these changes occurred, and how long the Ice Age lasted, geologists are not agreed. Geikie claims six successive ice-sheets; and while some geologists think the Ice Age lasted till 20,000 years ago, others put it back a million years. Its duration is equally uncertain, the estimates of authorities varying between 160,000 and 800,000 years!

## THE GREAT DOG

### A WONDERFUL ARRAY OF SUNS

Giant Stars Arranged in Indian File

### THE FUTURE OF A VAST GASEOUS SPHERE

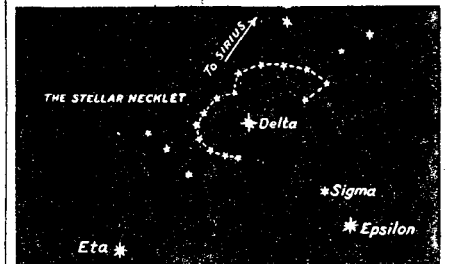
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

On any clear, starlit night at this time of the year we may see one of the glories of the southern heavens. This is the star Delta in Canis Major and the region of the sky in the vicinity.

A star of second magnitude, and therefore about as bright as the Belt stars of Orion, it may be found a good way below and a little to the left of Sirius.

Delta will be found almost between Sirius and the southern horizon at about 10 p.m., and in the south-east an hour or so earlier. Our star map shows this star and others in the vicinity and north of it toward Sirius.

But to see the smaller of these stars, particularly the remarkable necklet of tiny stars almost encircling Delta, a field-glass or good opera-glasses are necessary.



A wonderful region in the Great Dog

Of this wonderful array of suns in "Indian file" very little is known, except that they are all of immense size, far exceeding our Sun, and at a distance probably far beyond Delta. The singular way in which they are arranged impels one to think that they are physically connected by the bonds of gravitation.

The two bright, second-magnitude stars Epsilon and Eta, in Canis Major, may also be sometimes seen below Delta when the view to the horizon is clear. They are shown on the star map.

Epsilon is composed of two stars, one of the second and one of the ninth magnitude. They are at a distance of about 160 light years, and the larger sun is calculated to radiate about 500 times our Sun's light. Eta is much nearer and smaller, being 57 light years distant, and radiating about 33 times the Sun's light.

#### Hundreds of Millions of Years Hence

Delta is one of the giant suns of the Universe, a fiery, gaseous globe of terrific dimensions, far exceeding Sirius in size, and estimated from calculations based on its brightness and immense distance to be between one and two thousand times the size of our Sun; spectroscopic measurements indicate that Delta is about 21½ million times as far off as our Sun, and that Delta's light has taken some 326 years to reach us. Its heat is gradually increasing through the ages, and in hundreds of millions of years to come it will reach the intense brilliancy and heat of the Orion stars.

Some hundreds of millions of years later it will, after radiating its colossal store of energy, have dwindled to a small sun, possibly not much larger than our own. Still more hundreds of millions of years, and it will have cooled and shrunk to a solid surface, on which, maybe, life will flourish with the warmth of Delta's internal heat and the light of other stars.

Finally, after long ages, it may whirl through everlasting space a dark and cold mass of matter, awaiting some cosmic event to rejuvenate it, and start the whole cycle all over again. G. F. M.

**Correction.** If the Earth continued to approach nearer to the Sun as it does for six months of the year it would reach the Sun in 15 years, not 60, as stated in this column on December 29; and when England is one-thirtieth nearer, the Sun's disc appears one-fifteenth larger, not one-seventh.



# THE ROGUE WHALE

A Thrilling Story of  
Two Boys at Sea

Told by T. C. Bridges  
the C.N. Storyteller

## CHAPTER 40 A Surprise Party

Kit spoke up. "Sybil, there is only one thing to do. I must leave you here with Jupe while I go back by land to the village. I can get there ahead of the canoes and warn them."

"No, Kit!" answered Sybil quickly. "Karum would not believe you. It is I who must go." Like a flash she was out of the canoe, and, without even waiting the help of Kit's hand, had jumped to the nearest point of rock.

"One moment, Sybil," said Kit sharply. "Tell Karum, if there is time, to send some of his men to line the shore of the bay. Naga's canoes are sure to come close in to the point, and if Karum's chaps had a few stones handy they might sink some of them."

"A good idea," Sybil answered. Then, with a little wave of her hand, she darted away into the brush.

Meantime, Jupe had been working with all his might to get the big canoe clear of the rocks between which it was wedged. The tide was rising, and this helped. Kit joined in, and after some five minutes of very hard work the canoe floated freely.

"Dat's good," panted Jupe. "You get in, Marse Kit."

Kit clambered quickly into the canoe.

"Wait a jiffy, Jupe," he said, as he glanced in the direction of the invading fleet. "We shall have to wait here for a few minutes until they have passed. I say! I hope Sybil will be in time."

"Don't you worry about dat," replied Jupe. "De little missy, she know what she's about, and ah reckon as dat Blaskett is gwine to get de surprise ob his life."

By this time Naga's canoes were almost opposite the bit of reef behind which Jupe and Kit were hiding, and Kit could see that there were seven canoes, and an eighth craft which was no other than their own whale-boat. He touched Jupe on the arm.

"Jupe," he whispered, "that's our boat. Couldn't we manage to get it back?"

"Ah guess we'll try mighty hard," Jupe answered. "Ah reckon dat it's Blaskett who's in it."

The enemy canoes were now moving slowly and cautiously towards the mouth of the bay. It was plain that they were anxious to make the surprise a complete one. Kit, of course, was very glad that they were not hurrying, for it would give Sybil more time to reach the village.

The canoes passed the reef within less than fifty yards, and for a moment or two Kit was afraid they might see him and Jupe. But they passed on, and one by one slipped out of sight around the southern point of the bay.

Kit strained his ears, but could hear nothing except the low splash of ripples on the reef.

"Jupe," he whispered, "I am afraid Karum had not time to send any of his men to the point."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before there came a terrific yell, followed by a loud crashing.

"Ah don't know so much about dat," remarked Jupe drily. "It sounded to me mighty like, as I told Karum's men were getting busy!"

Another crash, and on top of it wild screams and yells.

Kit seized his paddle.

"This is our chance, Jupe," he said breathlessly. "Let's go for 'em."

"Ah'm ready," replied Jupe; "but ah wish ah had dat biggest harpoon ob mine."

"What's the matter with this?" said Kit as he lifted a bulky object from the bottom of the canoe. It was a war-club made of some sort of dark, heavy wood, and ornamented with a double row of shark's teeth.

Jupe took it and swung it once.

"Dat's suah useful," he remarked.

Then, laying it down, he picked up his paddle, and in a moment the canoe was outside the reef and flying towards the point.

## CHAPTER 41 The Capture of Blaskett

THE noise going on inside the bay was fiendish. Added to the crashes, shouts, and shrieks, there had come the deep, heavy boom of an explosion.

"Your gun, Jupe," panted Kit, paddling furiously.

"More noise dan harm, I reckon," replied Jupe, looking back over his shoulder. "See here, Marse Kit. Dis here canoe ob ours looks jest like all dem oders. What yo' say to running up beside de whale-boat and trying to catch dat Blaskett?"

"Topping notion," replied Kit briefly.

A few more strokes and they were in the thick of it. A nice mix-up it was, too, for about twelve big war canoes were all tangled up in a bunch, and their crews were fighting hand-to-hand with spears, clubs, paddles, and anything that came handy.

It was too dark to say which was which, but there was light enough to make out the whale-boat, which was so much higher in the sides than the canoes.

The whale-boat was a few lengths behind the canoes, and not actually taking part in the battle. As Kit and Jupe spotted it there came from it a flash and a roar as the harpoon gun spoke again.

"Now's our chance," said Jupe swiftly. "If we kin get alongside while dat Blaskett is a-loading her we suah ought to catch him. You paddle, Marse Kit," he said swiftly, "den, when we git alongside, you'll leab Blaskett to me."

Kit paddled like fury, and the canoe rapidly approached the whale-boat. Kit's heart was in his mouth; but if Blaskett saw the canoe at all he must have supposed that it belonged to his own party. With one last dig of his paddle, Kit shot her alongside.

There were at least a dozen natives in the whale-boat, and in the bow Kit caught sight of Blaskett in the act of jamming a fresh cartridge into the whale-gun. Long odds, but Jupe never stopped to think of them! With one bound he was out of the canoe and in the whale-boat.

He landed right on top of one native and knocked him flat. Another, who was in the act of flinging a spear, swung round upon him; but, before he could use his spear, Jupe's war-club sent him spinning.

Springing over the bodies of the two prostrate men, Jupe was on top of Blaskett before that gentleman had any idea of the arrival of a stranger in the boat. Indeed, the first intimation that Blaskett had of Jupe's presence was a huge hand seizing him by the scruff of the neck and forcing him down on top of the gun, where he lay insensible.

"Look out, Jupe!" shouted Kit suddenly, for one of the crew of the whaleboat had recovered from his first surprise and was in the act of aiming an ugly-looking spear at Jupe's back.

Even as he spoke, Kit knew that his warning was too late. In sheer desperation, he swung the broad-bladed paddle which he had been using, and flung it with all his might at the native.

More by good luck than good aim the paddle caught the man square, and he folded up like a pair of scissors. Before he could recover his breath or his feet Jupe was on him, and, picking him up neck and crop, slung him out of the boat as easily as if he had been a herring.

"Now will you be good?" roared Jupe, and whether it was his bull-

like voice or his tremendous feat of strength, at any rate the rest of the natives in the whale-boat went down on their knees and begged for mercy.

"Yo' come right aboard here, Kit," said Jupe, as he stood up swinging his great club, and Kit lost no time in obeying.

"Now, yo' niggers, yo' get into dat canoe and go home jest quick as yo' can paddle."

It must have been Jupe's gestures rather than his words, but, at any rate, Naga's men seemed to understand, for one and all they lost no time in obeying, and, picking up the paddles, turned the canoe and went off at a good pace.

Kit and Jupe were left in the whaler, of which the only other occupant was the insensible Blaskett.

"Topping!" cried Kit. "We've got back our whaler. Now, if we only had Sybil we could go straight back and pick up Mr. Crale and the others."

"Well, den, de best thing is to fetch little missy," said Jupe. "It looks to me like as if Naga's folk had had mighty nigh all dey wanted: See! Dere's some ob dem coming back."

"Blaskett's coming back too," said Kit. "Coming back to life, I mean. I had better tie him up before we do anything else."

With sailor-like deftness, Jupe made the ex-mate fast. While he did so the bunch of canoes broke up, and four of them—all that were left of Naga's lot—turned and came flying out of the little bay at top speed, hotly pursued by six of Karum's warcraft.

They came flashing past the whaleboat at a tremendous rate, and within a few minutes had disappeared into the night.

"Now's our chance, Jupe," said Kit quickly. "Let's run straight into the beach, pick up Sybil, then clear out as quickly as we can."

Jupe gazed beachwards. He shook his head.

"It ain't going to be dat easy, Marse Kit," he remarked gruffly.

## CHAPTER 42 Sybil Says "No!"

A MOMENT later Kit understood the reason for Jupe's remark, for two more of the big canoes, crowded with men, were foaming towards them from the direction of the beach.

"Who are they?" asked Kit swiftly.

"Dem's Karum's folk, and dey's after us," replied Jupe. "You see, dey knows dat dis boat came in wid Naga's canoes."

Kit whistled softly.

"You mean they take us for enemies?" he said.

Before Jupe could answer, the big canoes had reached them, com-

ing up one on either side of the whaler, and in a flash half a dozen natives had leaped into the boat.

All were armed with clubs or spears.

"Jupe!" cried Kit. "Jupe! Drop that club of yours. Drop it, I tell you! If you start a fight, they'll wipe us out."

For a moment Jupe hesitated, but, angry as he was, he had the sense to see that Kit was right, and he let his club drop into the bottom of the boat. Even then things still looked ugly, for Karum's men were flushed with victory and wildly excited.

Kit faced them boldly, and pointed to Blaskett lying tied up in the bow of the boat.

"Steady on, you idiots," he said sharply. "We are your friends, and you have to thank us for saving you from Naga's men."

Though the natives did not understand what Kit said, their leader, a great gaunt fellow with a gaudy headdress, seemed to realise that there was more in this than met the eye. He gave a sharp order, and the spears which threatened Kit and Jupe were dropped. But they themselves were seized and tied up as firmly as Blaskett.

Jupe was furious, but Kit consoled him.

"It will be all right when we reach the beach. Sybil will explain."

The beach was crowded with men, women, and children. Among them were a number of prisoners, who were getting pretty roughly handled.

"They'll quite massacre us befoah ebber Miss Sybil can stop dem," growled Jupe.

Kit was not happy, for it looked to him as if Jupe was not far wrong. But he had not much time for thought, for the next moment the crew of native paddlers had driven the whale-boat right up on to the beach and she was surrounded by a horde of yelling savages.

All of a sudden a voice rose high and clear above the tumult. The crowd parted and there came Sybil. Kit was amazed to see how readily the natives made way for her.

"My word, she's slating them!" he said to Jupe.

There was no doubt about it, for, although neither Kit nor Jupe could understand a word of what Sybil did say, the tone in which she spoke was quite enough. As for the natives themselves, they took it like lambs.

In a flash Sybil was in the boat, and, snatching a knife from the nearest native, began to cut away the lashing which bound Kit's wrists and ankles.

"You mustn't be angry with them, Kit," she begged. "They didn't understand, you see."

"You haven't wasted much time in making them understand," smiled back Kit, as he scrambled to his feet, and, taking the knife from Sybil, freed Jupe.

"What's the next move, Sybil?" he asked. "Now that we have got our boat back, Jupe and I thought it would be a jolly good chance to clear out."

Sybil shook her head. "We can't do that," she answered. "I only wish we could, for I am just as anxious as you to get away from this island."

"Why can't we go?" put in Jupe. "Dese niggers seem to do jest what you tells dem."

Sybil shook her head again. "There is just a chance they might let us go, but they would never let Blaskett."

"Blaskett!" growled Jupe. "Ah doan't see what he's got to do wid it. Dey's welcome to keep him as long as dey likes."

"You don't understand, Jupe," said Sybil, in distress. "They won't keep him; they will kill him. They—they do dreadful things to prisoners."

Kit spoke up.

"You are right, Sybil; we can't leave him. We had better go straight to Karum."

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was She?

## The Sorrowful Queen

AN English queen whose life ended in sadness and sorrow was born in a sunny southern land, and spent her early years amid battle and siege.

Her mother, an enlightened woman and an energetic sovereign in her own right, was for years at war with enemies, and used, with her family, to live in the camps of her armies while they were besieging hostile cities.

Once the enemy made a fierce sortie and set fire to the monarch's tent, and the little princess, who was to become an English queen, was with difficulty rescued from the flames.

She was sixteen when she was married to the Prince of Wales, but a few months later her husband died, and she was then betrothed to her brother-in-law, whom a year or two later she married. He was several years younger than she, and it was in many ways an ill-assorted marriage, though for some time things went fairly well. The young princess, however, was treated very meanly by her new relations, and never had enough money to pay her ladies.

In the course of time she had five children, but only one, a girl destined later to mount the throne of England in her own right, survived. The princess, now that she had become a queen, worked hard to learn English, and made good progress, and some verse which she wrote is still in existence.

At last trouble came. When the king, her husband, found that he had no male heir, the boy children having died and only a little princess surviving, he began to cool in his love for the queen, and now meanly raised doubts about the lawfulness of their marriage.

The law of the Church was that a man could not marry his brother's widow, and though the Pope, who was then regarded as having full power in such matters, had granted permission for this, the king pretended to be worried with his conscience. As a matter of fact, he merely wanted to get rid of his queen.

He tried to get the Pope to agree with him, but when that failed he broke off relations with the Vatican, and managed to put away his queen by forming a court himself to decide it.

The queen showed great resignation, and retired to a remote country district, where she lived a simple, quiet life with her devoted attendants, gaining help from the consolations of religion. Her husband tried to prevent her daughter from succeeding him on the throne, but in due course she became queen, though she proved a bigoted sovereign.

The sorrowful queen died when she was 51. Here is her portrait. Who was she?



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# There was Never a Carol that was Sung in Vain



## DI MERRYMAN

LITTLE Betsy had been visiting London, and when she arrived home she said to her sister:

"Margaret, I suppose people haven't got such good memories as they had many years ago."

"What makes you think that?" asked Margaret.

"Well," replied Betsy, "while I was in London I saw a number of statues that had been erected to the memory of various famous men."

### A Winter Puzzle

WHEN morning comes in winter-time

And flakes of snow are falling,  
When leafless boughs are white with rime

And tempest shrieks appalling,  
How pleasant then, my first, when we Assemble over toast and tea.

When, breakfast done, we venture forth,

With dismal shake and gesture,  
Into the regions of the North.

My second is a vesture  
Of great esteem to all of those

Who travel over frozen snows.  
And when the business of the day,

Its toils and cares are over,  
How gladly do we haste away,

To feel ourselves in clover,  
When safe at home where babies roll

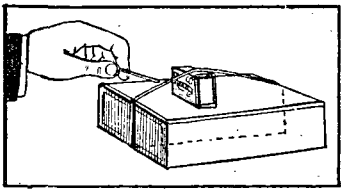
With playful kittens on my whole.

Answer next week

WHAT number becomes even by subtracting one? Seven, even.

### The Rubber Band

IT is possible to play easily recognisable tunes on the little musical box shown in this illustration, and to make the instrument only a matchbox, a flat cardboard box, and a rubberband are necessary.



How the musical box is played

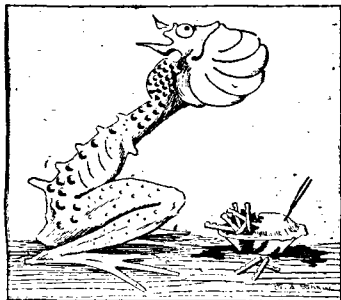
First place the matchbox sideways upon the cardboard box, as the picture shows. Then pass the rubber band right round the cardboard box and over the matchbox. Now take a match or a hairpin and flick the rubber band, which will give out a musical note. To produce different notes you have only to slide the matchbox along the cardboard box.

### Is Your Name Tranter?

TRANTER is derived from the Latin transvehere, to transport, and is still used in Wessex as a common name for a carrier.

The ancestor of the Tranters was no doubt engaged in the carrying business.

### The Zoo that Never Was



The Froggerwog has a little printer's pie for breakfast

WHAT is always at the head of fashion, yet always out of date? The letter "f."

### The Compliment

A GENTLEMAN paid a delicate compliment to an artist friend whose studio he was visiting. Seeing a painting of a woman playing a harp, he said:

"When I look at that picture I think I must be deaf."

### The Intruder



SNIP (to Snap): "We've been always such good friends that nothing can ever come between us."

The Spider: "Then what about me?"

WHAT is the difference between an inclined plane and a lazy dog? One is a slope up, and the other is a slow pup.

### A Catch Question

THERE was an innocent smile on Jack's face as he asked his sister Dora if she could answer a simple little arithmetical question for him.

"Suppose I have a wooden rod weighing eight pounds," he said, "which I saw into eight pieces of equal weight. What will each piece weigh?"

"Why, one pound, of course," replied Dora.

"Not quite right," said Jack. What answer did he give?

Solution next week

### The Dreamer

HE used to dream of things he'd do  
When grown to be a man,  
Beguiling boyhood's years away  
With many an idle plan.

And now, when grown to be a man,  
He knows no greater joy  
Than dreaming of the things he'd do  
If he were still a boy.

WHEN are the streets of a town  
very greasy?  
When the rain is dripping.

### What Are We?

NEVER a day passes over the Earth

Without a death or without a birth;

Never a day but a change takes place.

And full of change is this mortal race.

The seasons come, and the seasons go;

The wild winds rave, and the rivers flow;

The trees are green, and the trees are bare;

All, all is change: Thus from year to year

The world rolls on its wondrous way,

And the wild waves leap, and the wild waves play,

Yet ever above, in most curious forms,

We woo the Sun and obey the storms.

Answer next week

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Beheaded Word Thaw, haw, awe

What Am I? Nothing

A Riddle in Rhyme Leopard

## Jacko in the Snow

WHEN Jacko went up to Scotland to stay with his cousins, Donald and Malcolm, he found the countryside wrapped in snow.

"It is just like Switzerland," his cousins assured him, "and we shall have great fun. We have skis and toboggans and skates, and we will teach you."

"How jolly!" cried Jacko.

But next morning, when they strapped two long, thin, slippery pieces of wood to his feet and took him ski-ing, Jacko was not quite so sure of the jolliness. For the skis kept running away with him—they didn't always run in the same direction!

Every five minutes or so Jacko came down *thump*, and once down it wasn't easy to get up. His ears and his sleeves and his collar got full of snow; and the snow melted, and ran over his body in icy trickles.

"What a fuss to make over a little snow!" laughed his cousins, who skimmed about as though ski-ing were the simplest thing in the world.

As poor Jacko was wobbling down a slope, striving hard to keep his balance, one of them would flash past him with a war-whoop, and Jacko's feet would fly up in the air, while the ground rose up to hit his head.

Skating in the afternoon was even worse. Jacko was only used to roller-skates.

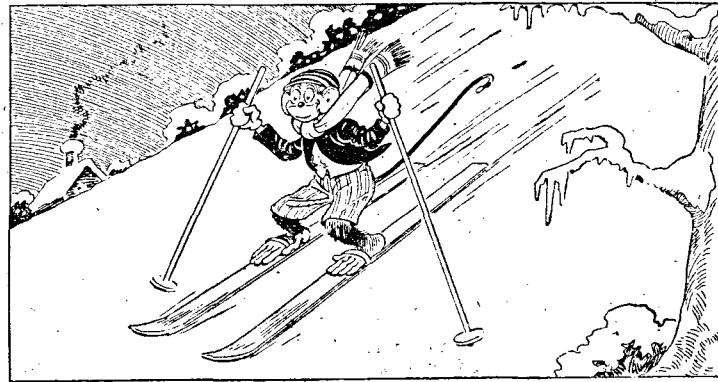
"I can't stand on a knife edge!" he complained.

"You must," said his cousins, laughing more than ever.

They towed him out on to the middle of the rink, and left him. Jacko soon found that ice is harder to fall on than a snow-field.

His cousins bumped into him, pretended to apologise, helped him up, and then gave a sly push which sent him over again.

That evening, when nobody was about, Jacko crept into his



The skis kept running away with him

cousins' room. Into each little bed he pushed two good shovelfuls of snow.

"They like snow," he muttered, "and they shall have it!"

He arranged the bed-clothes, and came down to supper.

His aunt said, as he entered the room, "What a horrible cold you've got, Malcolm! I don't want Donald to catch it: you mustn't sleep in the same room. Jacko dear, would you mind changing beds with Malcolm?"

Jacko's face was a study.

"Oh, yes. Certainly aunt," he stammered. "I don't—mind."

They all stared at him; they couldn't understand what was the matter. Donald found out when he got into bed that night.

After a fierce fight the cousins waited till the house was quiet, and then crept downstairs, and spent the night on the kitchen hearthrug—which was at least dry.

It was a jolly visit.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### A Wild Bird Tamed

A reader sends from Durban some jottings about a wild bird which preferred to be tame.

The Indian mina is a common bird here. One day a little boy caught a young bird, gave it some food, and then let it go. But it would not go away even when its parents came and tempted it to go.

Seeing it would not go, the two children, a brother and sister, made a cage for it. They let it free during the day, and at night it goes to the cage of its own accord.

It asks for its meals by calling to the children by their names.

### Un Oiseau Sauvage Appivoisé

De Durban un lecteur nous envoie quelques notes au sujet d'un oiseau sauvage qui aimait mieux être apprivoisé.

Le mina indien est un oiseau très répandu ici. Un jour un petit garçon attrapa un jeune oiseau, lui donna à manger, et le relâcha. Mais l'oiseau ne voulut pas s'en aller, même lorsque ses parents vinrent à tenter de s'enlever.

Voyant bien qu'il ne voulait pas partir, les deux enfants, un frère et une sœur, lui fabriquèrent une cage. Ils le laissèrent en liberté pendant le jour, et, le soir, il se rend à la cage de son propre gré.

Il demande à manger en appelant les enfants par leurs noms.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## The Menagerie

MOTHER said that some little visitors were coming to have tea that afternoon. "They have just left their father and mother in India," she told the children; "and feel sad, so try to make them enjoy it."

It was raining fast, and the children were glad to hear they were to have a tea-party.

"If they feel miserable we must cheer them up," said Phyllis. "What shall we play?"

"Let's have a menagerie," said Dick. "If they come from India it will cheer them up to see some lions and tigers."

Nannie didn't mind the nursery becoming a menagerie so long as the animals were not too wild; and the children flew to get it ready.

Felix was an obliging cat, and he was quite willing to be the tiger in a cage made out of a box and an old fireguard. Instead of roaring he would purr, but his stripes looked fine.

Billy was the lion. He roared so terribly that they had to write "Dangerous. Do not touch the lion," over his cage. Sammy, the dog, was a wolf, and, of course, the Teddy Bear went into the bear-pit.

The toy-cupboard was turned into a monkey-house, and the twin-babies, Babsy and Bobsy, sat inside and chattered as noisily as monkeys. Nannie chalked over the cupboard door "Please do not feed the monkeys with nuts; it will give them a pain."

Dick was the elephant, with a lovely red Indian shawl over his back, and Phyllis was the camel with bells over her ears.

Tony was the Showman, and Nannie the Keeper of the Monkey House.

When the little visitors arrived they looked more like crying than laughing; but after they had enjoyed an elephant ride and a camel ride and helped to catch the escaped lion, they were the merriest people in the show.

The Showman let out all the wild beasts to have tea with



Tony was the showman

the visitors, and the youngest little visitor girl sat next to the dangerous lion and was not frightened in the least.

There were lots of buns for tea—wild animals love buns—and when the guests went home they said they wished they could go to a tea-party in a menagerie every day.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 19, 1924

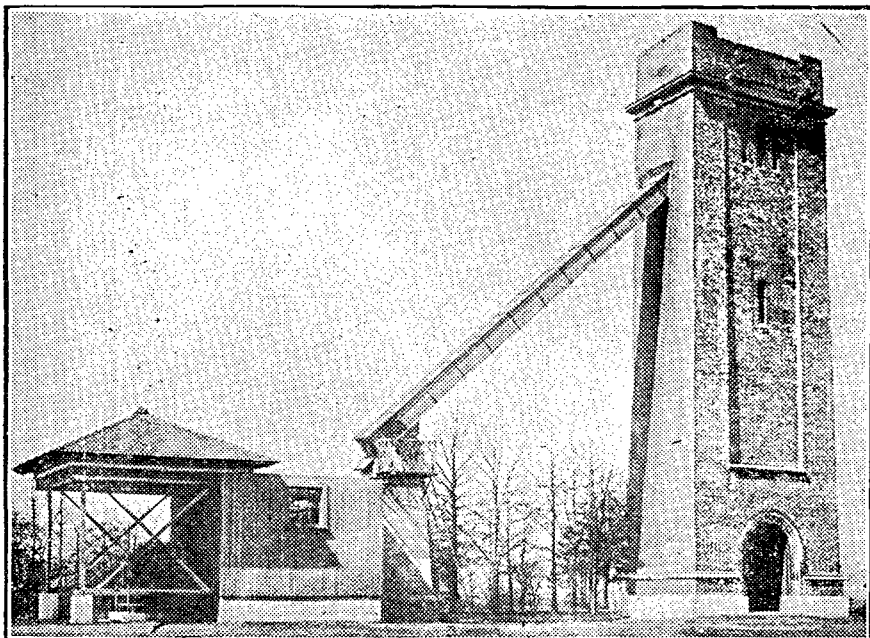
Every Thursday, 2d.

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## FLOODED PARIS · THE SAILOR'S POSTMAN · GOOD-BYE TO AN OLD ZOO FRIEND



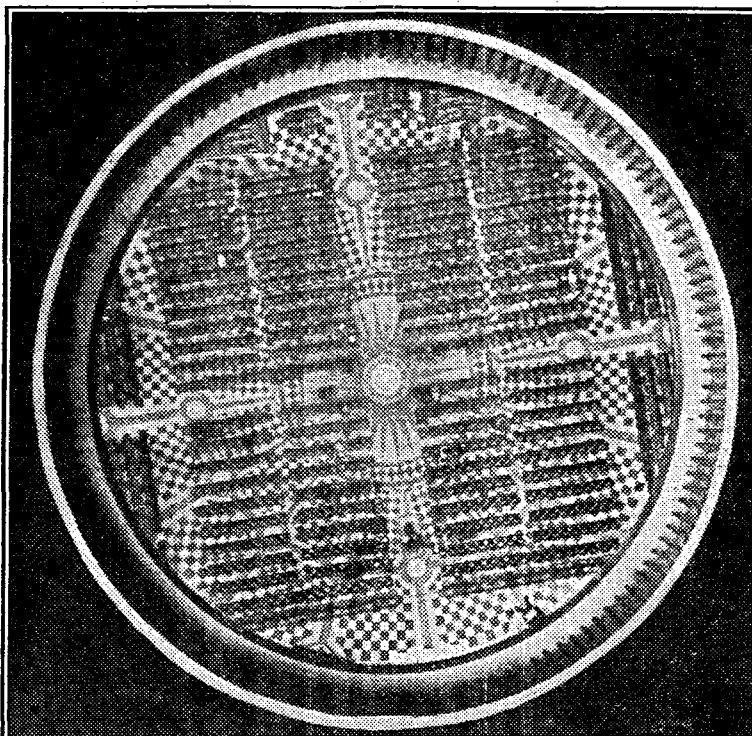
**Flooded Paris**—France has been suffering from severe floods owing to the heavy rains and snows, and this picture shows one of the streets of Paris into which the Seine has overflowed. People are going shopping by boat, and a trestle footpath has been erected. See page 4



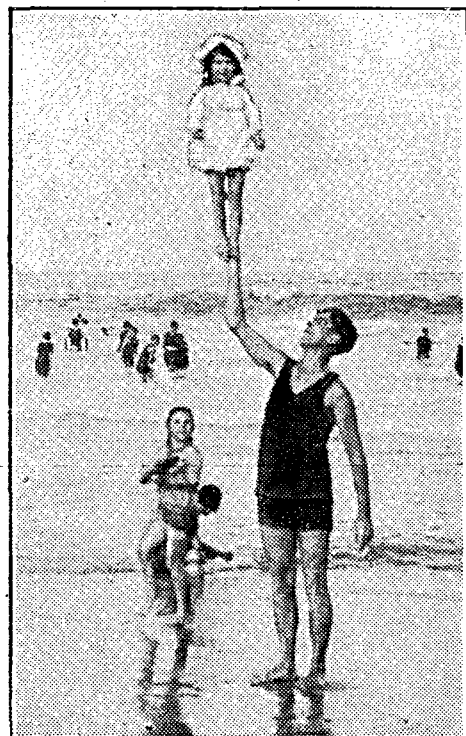
**A Curious Telescope**—This curious telescope at the Yale University Observatory, New Haven, U.S.A., is used for studying the variable stars. It is a reflector, and the astronomer sits in an observation room at the top of the sixty-foot tower and controls it electrically



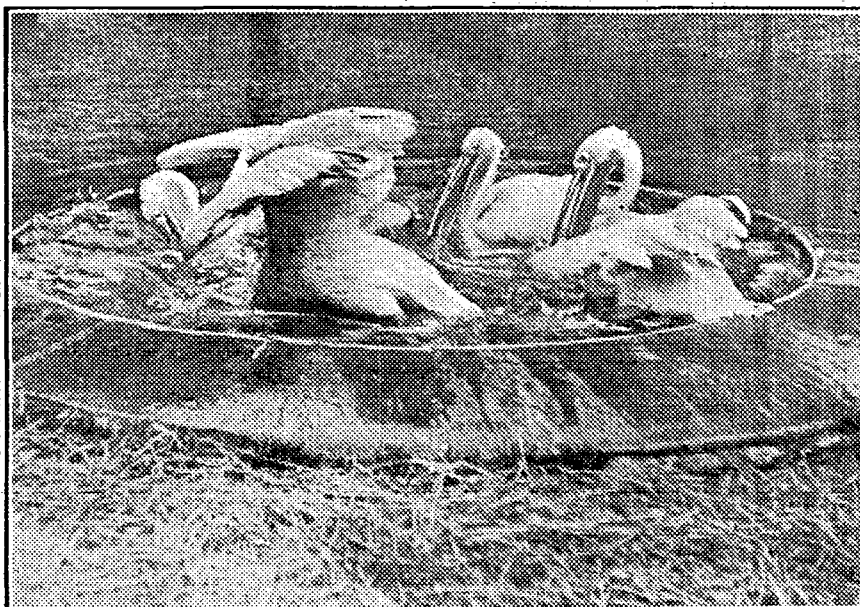
**The Sailor's Postman**—A postman delivering letters on board a steamer lying in the Thames near London Bridge. He needs to be something of a gymnast if he is not to get a bad ducking



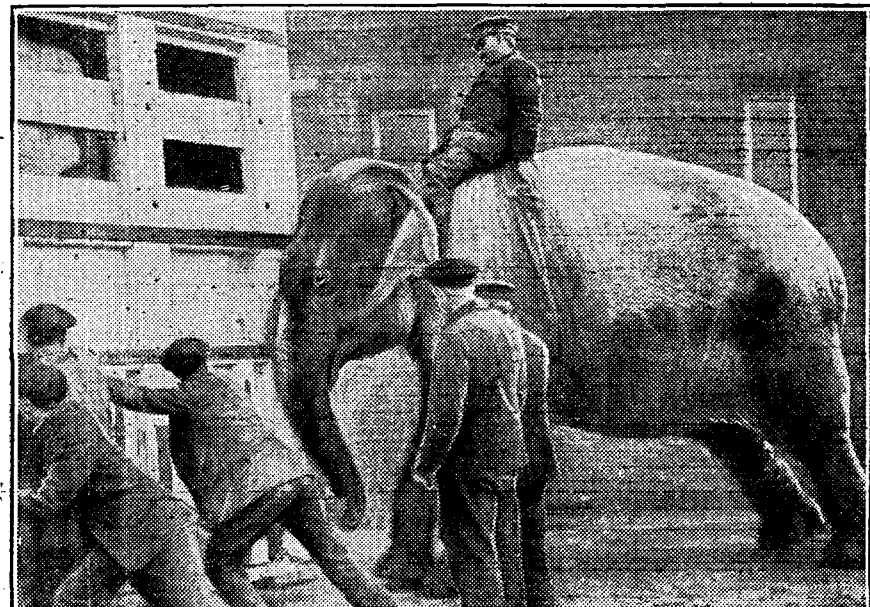
**What Is This?**—Many people would say that this picture showed a section through the stem of a plant, or was a micro-photograph of some part of an insect; but, as a matter of fact, it is a view of the floor of St. Paul's Cathedral looking down from the dome, 300 feet up, and shows the worshippers assembling for a service



**In Sunny Australia**—A snapshot taken on the beach in New South Wales, where it is now summer—a striking contrast to the winter sports now going on in Europe, as shown on page 3



**The Rush of the Pelicans**—An amusing picture of the meal-time rush of pelicans at the London Zoo, when the fish for their dinners are thrown into the round pool where they feed



**Good-bye to an Old Friend**—Luckhi, one of the Zoo elephants, has left London for Czechoslovakia; and Indarini, another elephant, shown here, helped to move the case. See page 2

## THE MYSTERY MAN OF ITALY'S GOLDEN AGE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY

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